THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

OCTOBER 1917

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1917

The Lanawn Stee

By Francis Ledwidge *

(Dedicated to Katharine Tynan)

POWDERED and perfumed the full bee
Winged heavily across the clover,
And where the hills were dim with dew,
Purple and blue the west leaned over.

A willow spray dipped in the stream,
Moving a gleam of silver ringing,
And by a finny creek a maid
Filled all the shade with softest singing.

Listening, my heart and soul at strife,
On the edge of life I seemed to hover,
For I knew my love had come at last,
That my joy was past and my gladness over.

I tiptoed gently up and stooped
Above her looped and shining tresses,
And asked her of her kin and name,
And why she came from fairy places.

She told me of a sunny coast
Beyond the most adventurous sailor,
Where she had spent a thousand years
Out of the fears that now assail her.

And there, she told me, honey drops
Out of the tops of ash and willow,
And in the mellow shadow Sleep
Doth sweetly keep her poppy pillow.

* This was the last poem written by the young Irish peasant poet recently killed in France.

Nor Autumn with her brown line marks
The time of larks, the length of roses,
But song-time there is over never
Nor flower-time ever, ever closes.

And wildly through uncurling ferns
Fast water turns down valleys singing,
Filling with scented winds the dales,
Setting the bells of sleep a-ringing.

And when the thin moon lowly sinks,
Through cloudy chinks a silver glory,
Singers upon the lift of night
'Till dawn delights the meadows hoary.

And by the lakes the skies are white,
(Oh, the delight!) when swans are coming,
Among the flowers sweet joy-bells peal,
And quick bees wheel in drowsy humming.

The squirrel leaves her dusty house
And in the boughs makes fearless gambol,
And, falling down on fire-drops, red,
The fruit is shed from every bramble.

Then, gathered all about the trees
Glad galaxies of youth are dancing,
Treading the perfume of the flowers,
Filling the hours with mazy glancing.

And when the dance is done, the trees
Are left to Peace and the brown woodpecker,
And on the western slopes of sky
The day's blue eye begins to flicker.

But at the sighing of the leaves,
When all earth grieves for lights departed,
An ancient and a sad desire
Steals in to tire the human-hearted.

No fairy aid can save them now
Nor turn their prow upon the ocean,
The hundred years that missed each heart
Above them start their wheels in motion.

And so our loves are lost, she sighed,
And far and wide we seek new treasure,
For who on Time or Timeless hills
Can live the ills of loveless leisure?

("Fairer than Usna's youngest son,
O, my poor one, what flower-bed holds you?
Or, wrecked upon the shores of home,
What wave of foam with white enfolds you?

"You rode with kings on hills of green,
And lovely queens have served you banquet,
Sweet wine from berries bruised they brought
And shyly sought the lips which drank it.

"But in your dim grave of the sea
There shall not be a friend to love you,
And ever heedless of your loss
The earth ships cross the storms above you.

"And still the chase goes on, and still
The wine shall spill, and vacant places
Be given over to the new
As love untrue keeps changing faces.

"And I must wander with my song
Far from the young 'till Love returning,
Brings me the beautiful reward
Of some heart stirred by my long yearning.")

Friend, have you heard a bird lament
When sleet is sent for April weather?
As beautiful she told her grief,
As down through leaf and flower I led her.

And friend, could I remain unstirred
Without a word for such a sorrow?
Say, can the lark forget the cloud
When poppies shroud the seeded furrow?

Like a poor widow whose late grief
Seeks for relief in lonely byeways,
The moon, companionless and dim,
Took her dull rim through starless highways.

I was too weak with dreams to feel
Enchantment steal with guilt upon me,
She slipped, a flower upon the wind,
And laughed to find how she had won me.

From hill to hill, from land to land,
Her lovely hand is beckoning for me.
I follow on through dangerous zones,
Cross dead men's bones and oceans stormy.

Some day I know she'll wait at last
And lock me fast in white embraces,
And down mysterious ways of love
We two shall move to fairy places.

BELGIUM, JULY, 1917.

The Ragged Stone

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

As I was walking with my dear, my dear come back at last,
The shadow of the Ragged Stone fell on us as we passed:

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone,
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

And we're to wed come Michaelmas, my lovely dear and I;
And we're to have a little house, and do not want to die.

But all the folk are fighting in the lands across the sea,
Because the King and counsellors went mad in Germany.

Because the King and counsellors went mad, my love and I
May never have a little house before we come to die.

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone,
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

The Hound of Death

By John Gurdon

The shaded lamps with rosy light
Flood the warm, velvet-curtained room.
Without, the bitter, wintry night
Is black with darkness as a tomb,
And soundless as the feet of Doom.

The shadow of Peace still lingers here
Among the old familiar things,
My friends through many a bygone year
And many ways and wanderings—
My Psyche with the broken wings,

The bronze Discobolus who heaves
His weighty quoit, in act to throw,
While generations fall like leaves,
And tribes and nations come and go
Like winds that blow and cease to blow.

There on her ebon pedestal
White Aphrodite smiles at ease;
There Sappho gazes from the wall
Forlornly o'er Leucadian seas,
Still lost in passion's reveries.

What ails me? For upon me comes
Blind fear, as in the gulfs profound
Of dream a palsying terror numbs
Suddenly. Ah!—Again that sound!—
Was it the whimpering of a hound—

Some waif that in the night beneath
My window, famished, cries for food?
. . . . . .

What monster lurks, with crimson breath,
There, in the dark?—The Hound of Death!
The Hound of Death that whines for blood!

Stendhal

By Arthur Symons

I

HAS any imaginative critic ever absolutely fathomed what is most essential in that particular form we call Style?

The problem has always been one of a kind of spiritual or unspiritual vexation to all those who have endeavoured to define it. One thing, however, is certain: that the rhythm of verse, that rhythm which distinguishes it from prose, has never been traced with any certainty to its origin. In regard to this Poe wrote: "The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflexions of thought and expression (the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic or the humorous), which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm."

Take, for instance, the prose of Léon Cladel. Here one finds a peasant, who writes about peasants and poor people, with a curiosity of style which not only packs his vocabulary with difficult words, old or local, and with unheard-of rhythms chosen to give voice to some never yet articulated emotion, but which drives him into oddities of printing, of punctuation, of the very shape of his accents! Take Huysmans, the most nervous and nervously-contorted of our modern French novelists. With his contempt for humanity, his hatred of mediocrity, his passion for a somewhat exotic kind of modernity, an artist who is so exclusively an artist, was sure, one day or another, to produce a work which, being produced to please himself, would be, in a way, the quintessence of contemporary Decadence. And it is precisely such a book that Huysmans has written in the extravagant, astonishing *A Rebours*. Yet, working upon the foundations of Flaubert and of Goncourt, the two great modern stylists, he has developed an intensely

personal style of his own, in which the sense of rhythm is entirely dominated by the sense of colour.

Take, again, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, in whom a more than regal pomp of speech drapes a more than royal sovereignty of soul, and you find in his prose satire the revenge of beauty on ugliness, the persecution of the ugly; a laughter as fundamental as that of Rabelais; a sense of the *macabre* more terrifying than most men's nerves can endure; a style magnificent, mysterious, spiritual, subtle, sombre, intense, taciturn; and with a sense of rhythm in every way far more poetical than in that of any of the prose-writers of his age. And it is this man of lofty and passionate genius that Verlaine makes strangely visible to us in the pages of *Les Poètes Maudits*. "What intoxication of speech, always and always disquieting! A sense of terror often passes among his paradoxes, a terror absolutely partaken of by those who heard him and by the man himself, then a wild, mad laugh that sends a shiver across one, followed by a perfect whirlwind of wit. And, as his magic thrilled us, one seemed to hear him say: 'I listened attentively to the sound of her voice; it was taciturn, subdued, like the murmur of the river Lethe flowing through the region of shadows.'" And it was Verlaine himself who spoke to me, with an absolute adoration of the man and his work, of certain imaginary women Villiers had created that had the immortal weariness of beauty; who desired, and knew not why they refrained from desire; who did and endured evil and good in the mere lifting of an eyelid, and were guilty and innocent of all the sins of the earth.

Now consider the question of Balzac's style. It has life, and it has idea, and it has variety; there are moments when it attains a rare and perfectly individual beauty. That his style should lack symmetry, subordination, the general beauties of form is, in my eyes, a less serious fault. I have often considered whether, in the novel, perfect form is a good or even a possible thing if the novel is to be what Balzac made it, history added to poetry. A novelist with style will not look at life with an entirely naked vision. There will come a moment, constantly, when style must suffer, or the closeness and clearness of conception must be sacrificed. Balzac, with his rapid and accumulating mind, without the patience of selection, and without the

desire to select when selection means leaving out something good in itself, if not good in its place, never hesitates, and his parenthesis comes in.

To Stendhal style was a kind of purgatory. He confesses the fact in his letter to Balzac. First he says: "In composing *La Chartreuse de Parme* to find the tone, I read every morning two or three pages of the Civil Code, so as to be always natural." Then he goes on: "I am going to seem to you a monster of pride! What, says your intimate sense, that animal there, not content with what I have done for him, an unexampled thing in this century, still wants to be praised in regard to style! One must hide nothing from one's doctor. Often have I reflected for a whole half-hour in order to place an adjective before or after its substantive. My only desire is to write with truth and with clearness all that comes to me out of my heart. I see only one rule: *to be clear*. If I am not clear, then my world is annihilated."

This is quite beautifully written; but does it explain the question of his actual style? To my mind he never, or rarely, attains that peculiarly French gift, the gift of exquisite speech, *argute loqui*, which I find equally in Rabelais as in Flaubert; equally in a stanza of Villon and in a stanza of Verlaine. Here is one sentence of Rabelais: "Tel disoit estre Socrates, parce que le voyant au dehors, et l'estimant par l'extérieure apparence, n'en eussiez donné un coupeau d'oignon, tant laid il estoit de corps, et ridicule en son maintien, le nez pointu, le regard d'un taureau, le visage d'un sot, simple en mœurs, rustique en vestements, pauvre de fortune, infortuné en femmes, inepte à tous officiers de la République, toujours riant, toujours buvant d'autant à un chacun, toujours se gabelant, toujours dissimulant son divin sçavoir." With this compare a sentence of *Salammbô*: "Ses yeux, ses diamants étincelaient; le poli de ses ongles continuait la finesse des pierres qui chargeaient ses doigts; les deux agrafes de sa tunique, soulevant un peu ses soins, les rapprochaient l'un d'autre, et il se perdait par la pensée dans leur étroit intervalle, où descendait un fil tenant une plaque d'émeraudes, que l'on aperçevait plus bas sous la gaze violette."

Note particularly the wonderful, the exquisite, the perfect rhythm of these sentences, and ask yourself if Stendhal

ever wove perfect rhythms into his prose. Rhythm has, if anything, more value in prose than style; not only because rhythm alone, and rhythm of a regular and recurrent kind only, distinguishes poetry from prose, but also because it is more like the flesh that covers the bones than the bones one sees only when the skin covers them. Again, a writer generally learns style as he often has to learn technique; but the sense of rhythm must be born in a great prose writer in the sense, yet in a different sense, from that of the poet. For it is no paradox to say: there is one thing prose cannot do—it cannot sing.

Compare the style of Flaubert in each of his books, and you will find that each book has its own rhythm, perfectly appropriate to its subject-matter. That style, which has almost every merit and hardly a fault, becomes what it is by a process very different from that of most writers careful of form. Read Chateaubriand, Gautier, even Baudelaire, and you will find that the aim of these writers has been to construct a style which shall be adaptable to every occasion, but without structural change; the cadence is always the same. The most exquisite word-painting of Gautier can be translated rhythm for rhythm in English without difficulty; once you have mastered the tune you have merely to go on; every verse will be the same. But Flaubert is so difficult to translate because he has no fixed rhythm; his prose keeps step with no regular march music. He invents the rhythm of every sentence, he changes his cadences with every mood or for the convenience of every fact. He has no theory of beauty or form apart from what it expresses. For him form is a living thing, the physical body of thought, which it clothes and interprets.

I return to the question whether Stendhal has or has not a sense of rhythm. I cannot deny it; as I would be the last to say that Julien Sorel is not a creation, but that he is not a creation after the order of Balzac. Stendhal substituted the brain for the heart as the battle-place of the novel: not the brain as Balzac conceived it, a motive force of action, the mainspring of passion, the force by which a nature directs its accumulated energy; but a sterile sort of brain, set at a great distance from the heart, whose rhythm is too faint to disturb it.

For this reason one must search far and wide to find

rhythms to one's liking in the prose of Stendhal. I choose for comparison what is really the crisis of *Le Rouge et le Noir*: the death-scene of Julien Sorel. "Le mauvais air du cachot devenait insupportable à Julien. Par bonheur le jour où on annonça qu'il fallait mourir, un beau soleil réjouissait la nature, et Julien était en veine de courage. Marcher au grand air fut pour lui une sensation délicieuse comme la promenade à terre pour le navigateur qui longtemps a été à la mer. Allons, tout va bien, se dit-il, je ne manque point de courage. Jamais cette tête n'avait été aussi poètique qu'au moment où elle allait tomber. Les doux instants qu'il avait trouvés jadis dans les bois de Vergy, revenaient en foule à sa pensée et avec une extrême énergie. Tout se passa, simplement, convenablement, et de sa part sans aucune affectation."

This prose is essentially and effectively tragic; but is it entirely satisfying to one's ears as a form of exquisite rhythm? Does he touch to the quick the nerves of Julien on the last day of his life? I can but repeat what I wrote in Madrid, comparing Balzac's Valérie with Stendhal's Julien. "But we have only to say 'Valérie!' and the woman is before us. Stendhal, on the contrary, undresses Julien's soul in public with a deliberate effrontery. There is not a vein of which he does not trace the course, not a wrinkle to which he does not point. We know everything that passed through his mind, to result probably in some insignificant inaction. And at the end of the book we know as much about that particular intelligence as the anatomist knows about the body which he has dissected. But meanwhile the life has gone out of the body; and have we, after all, captured a living soul?"

II

It is an admitted fact that Stendhal was the personification of ugliness. It embittered his life; and, in regard to women and his adventures with them, can one imagine a short, fat man, with a head sunk between his shoulders, who grimaced when he laughed, and whose face was contorted by convulsive movements, as being in any sense fascinating to those of the other sex, on whom he wrote his cold and penetrating study of the physiology of love,

De l'Amour, by the side of which Balzac's *Physiologie du Mariage* is a mere *jeu d'esprit*?

It made him sarcastic, caustic, singular, paradoxical; using irony as a weapon of defence, an irony hidden as completely from the world's eyes as an Italian stiletto. Is not this confession of his ironical? "I really don't know, dear reader, what I am: good, evil, spiritual, foolish. What I do know is that there are things that give me pain and pleasure, that I desire or hate." He invents for himself the maxim: "Savoir braver le ridicule." How often does he do it? Born, it has been said—he admits it—bizarre, he remained so to the end of his life; partly, perhaps, by way of calculation.

He has many points of view. One, I think, essential in him is *ennui*; that abominable malady, *fin de siècle*, that so often undermines the constitutions of nervous and voluptuous women as much in Paris as in Madrid; just as drugs do, that give one sensations, and can be wonderful escapes from *ennui*. To an opium-smoker time and space lose even that sort of reality which normal people are accustomed to assign to them. Under the influence of such a drug it is somewhat perilous to cross the street, for it is impossible to realise the distance between oneself and the length of time which it will require to get from pavement to pavement.

There is the *ennui* of Pierrot, one of the types of our century, of the moment in which we live—of the moment, perhaps, out of which we are just passing. He knows that he is condemned to be always in public, that emotion would be supremely out of keeping with his costume, that he must remember to be fantastic if he would not be merely ridiculous. There is the *ennui* of Baudelaire, that ascetic of passion, that hermit of the brothel, who cries:

"C'est Ennui! ce monstre délicat!"

There is the *ennui* of Byron, that came on him at nineteen; the heroical buffoon, the great jester of English poetry, who called himself "the earth's tired denizen"; whose *ennui* was made of many elements, partly of that incurable kind of one to whom thought was not satisfying, without sustenance in itself, but itself a cause of restlessness, like a heady wine drunk in solitude. He quotes from a letter written about Mlle. de Lespinasse, advising someone to consider "quelque problème bien difficile a résoudre,

afin que cette application vous forcât à penser à autre chose. Il n'y a en vérité de remède qui celui-là et le temps."

A vindictive imagination gave Stendhal much of his talent. Malignant, morbid, often envious, not always greedy of fame, more often a man than an artist (these words can easily be interchanged), he lived a fairly adventurous, unsatisfied life. Lacking in passion, he created passionate images of men and women, much more imaginary than real; sinister, intellectual, self-analytical; certainly sterile beside the intense creations of Balzac, of Flaubert. The man, the artist at work on his materials, both fascinate us, in spite of oneself, by certain unique qualities difficult enough to define.

Perhaps, on the whole, one might say that he created (after Laclos and for others after him) a method of unemotional, minute, slightly ironical analysis, which has fascinated modern minds, partly because it has seemed to dispense with those difficulties of creation in the block which the triumphs of Balzac have only accentuated. Swinburne, somewhere or other, compared Shakespeare with Balzac as the two greatest tragedians in imaginative realism who have ever existed. It is Swinburne who quotes words written by Baudelaire on Balzac; not only that he "is a visionary and a passionate visionary": not only that he has given "convulsive action to his figures," but that, "in a word, every one in Balzac, down to the very scullions, has genius."

Now all this is actually Balzac himself. And can anyone say anything of the kind of Stendhal, who, to my mind, had not one of these qualities that Balzac possessed? Writing on Balzac in Madrid, I said: "Goriot, Valérie Marneffe, Pons, Grandet, Madame de Mortsauf even, are called up before us after the same manner as Othello or Don Quixote; their actions express them so significantly that they seem to be independent of their creator." Can one, I ask again, compare for an instant, with these characters I have named, certain of Stendhal's characters, such as Julien Sorel, Mathilde, Fabrice, even Mosca, who is said to have been made after Metternich? He writes wonderful things about them; but they are not wonderfully alive, they say no wonderful things. Are any of them absolutely visible to our vision?

Take, for instance, one of his most famous chapters in *Le Rouge et le Noir*, called "Une Heure du Matin." Notice how cold in observation, how calculated in manner, is Julien's seduction of Mathilde. The parts seem to have been interchanged; so cynical is the scene that it no more thrills us than I imagine those strange lovers themselves were thrilled. "Il n'avait pas d'amour du tout." "Mais elle eût voulu racheter au prix d'une éternité de malheur le nécessité cruelle où elle se trouvait." Are not these tragic comedians, not quite in Meredith's sense of the words, for Lassalle had, imagined he had, passion, and Clotilde, who pretended to have it, had none? Yet, in spite of the undercurrent of sarcasm that one finds in this scene, it is redeemed, to my mind, by the cry of rage of Mathilde in the next chapter: "J'ai horreur de m'être livrée au premier venu!"

Caring, perhaps, as Stendhal thought, supremely for life, he never cared for that surprising, bewildering pantomime which life seems to be to those who watch its coloured movement, its flickering lights, its changing costumes, its powdered faces, without looking through the eyes into the hearts of the dancers. He never chose those hours of carnival when, for our allotted time, we put on masks and coloured dresses and dance a measure or two with strangers as an escape from life felt to be almost overpowering. Do we not, among ourselves, avoid the expression of a deeply-felt emotion in order that we may not intensify the emotion itself by giving it words?

These sensations and adventures being infinitely beyond his reach, he may have escaped into the crowd, to fancy that he lost sight of himself as he disappeared from the sight of others. But never can it be said of him (as I have said of a modern poet I have known) that the more he soiled himself at that gross contact, the farther would he seem to be from what beckoned to him in one vain illusion after another vain illusion, in the delicate places of the world.

The Voyage of the *Mona*

By H. M. Tomlinson

THERE was the *Mona*, Yeo's boat, below the quay wall; but I could not see her owner. The unequal stones of that wall have the weathered appearance of a natural outcrop of rock, for they were matured by the traffic of ships when America was a new yarn among sailors. They are the very stones one would choose to hear speak. Yet the light of early morning in that spacious estuary was so young and tenuous that you could suppose this heavy planet had not yet known the stains of night and evil; and the *Mona*, it must be remembered, is white without and egg-blue within. Such were the reflections she made, lively at anchor on the swirls of a flood tide bright enough for the sea-bottom to have been luminous (for certainly we live on a star), that I felt I must find Yeo. The white houses of the village, with shining faces, were looking out to sea.

Another man, a visitor from the cities of the plains, was gazing down with appreciation at the *Mona*. There was that to his credit. His young wife, slight and sad, and in the dress of the promenade of a London park, was with him. She was not looking on the quickness of the lucent tide, but at the end of a parasol, which was idly marking the grits. I had seen the couple about the village for a week He was big, ruddy, middle-aged, and lusty. His neck ran straight up into his round head, and its stiff prickles glittered like short ends of brass wire. It was easy to guess of him, without knowing him and therefore unfairly, that, if his wife actually confessed to him that she loved another man, he would not have believed her; because, how was it possible for her to do that, he being what he was? His aggressive face, and his air of confident possession, the unconscious immodesty of the man because of his important success at some unimportant thing or other, seemed an offence in the ancient tranquillity of that place, where poor men acknowledged only the sea, the sun, and the winds.

I found Yeo at the end of the quay, where round the corner to seaward open out the dunes of the opposite shore of the estuary, faint with distance and their own pallor, and ending in the slender stalk of a lighthouse always quivering at the vastness of what confronts it. Yeo was sitting on a bollard, rubbing tobacco between his palms. I told him this was the sort of morning to get the *Mona* out. He carefully poured the grains into the bowl of his pipe, stoppered it, glanced slowly about the brightness of the river mouth, and shook his head. This was a great surprise, and anybody who did not know Yeo would have questioned him. But it was certain he knew his business. There is not a more deceptive and difficult stretch of coast round these islands, and Yeo was born to it. He stood up, and his long black hair stirred in the breeze under the broad brim of a grey hat he insists on wearing. The soft hat and his lank hair make him womanish in profile, in spite of a body to which a blue jersey does full justice, and the sea-boots; but when he turns his face to you, with his light eyes and his dark and leathery face, you feel he is strangely masculine and wise, and must be addressed with care and not as most men. He rarely smiles when a foolish word is spoken or when he is contradicted boldly by the innocent. He spits at his feet and contemplates the sea, as though he had heard nothing.

The visitor came up, followed reluctantly by his wife. "Are you Yeo? How are you, Yeo? What about a sail? I want you to take us round to Pebblecombe."

That village is over the bar and across the bay. Yeo looked at the man, and shook his head.

"Why not?" asked the visitor sharply, as though he were addressing the reluctance of the driver of his own car.

The sailor pointed a stern finger seawards, to where the bar is shown in charts, but where all we could make out was the flashing of inconstant white lines.

"Well?" questioned the man, who glanced out there perfunctorily. "What of it?"

"Look at it," mildly insisted the sailor, speaking for the first time. "Isn't the sea like a wall?" The man's wife, who was regarding Yeo's placid face with melancholy attention, turned to her husband and placed a hand of nervous deprecation on his arm. He did not look at her.

"Oh, of course, if you don't want to go, if you don't to go . . ." said the visitor, shaking his head as though at rubbish, and rising several times on his toes. "Perhaps you've a better job," he added, with an unpleasant smile.

"I'm ready to go if you are, sir," said Yeo, "but I shall have to take my friend with me." The sailor nodded my way.

The man did not look at me. I was not there to him. He gave an impatient jerk to his head. "Ready to go? Of course I'm ready to go! Of course. Why do you suppose I asked?"

Yeo went indoors, came out with a bundle of tarpaulins for us, and began moving with deliberation along to the *Mona*. Something was said by the woman behind us, but so quietly I did not catch it. Her husband made confident noises of amusement, and replied in French that it was always the way with these local folk—always the way. The result, I gathered, of a slow life, though that was hardly the way he put it. Nothing in it all, she could be sure. These difficulties were made to raise the price. The morning was beautiful. Still, if she did not want to go . . . if she did not want to go. And his tone was that perhaps she would be as absurd as that. I heard no more, and both followed us.

I got out to the *Mona*, cast off her stern mooring, got in the anchor, and the pull on that brought us to the stone steps of the landing-stage. While I made the seats ready for the voyagers and handed them in, Yeo took two reefs in the lugsail (an act which seemed, I must say, with what wind we felt there, to be carrying his prescience to bold lengths) and hauled the sail to its place. I went forward to lower the centre keel as he came aft with the sheet in his hand. The *Mona* sidled away, stood out, and then reached for the distant sandhills. The village diminished and concentrated under its hill.

When clear of the shelter of the hill, on the lee foot of which the village shelters from the westerly winds, the *Mona* went over suddenly in a gust which put her gunwale in the wash and kept it there. The dipper came adrift and rattled over. Yeo eased her a bit, and his uncanny eyes never shifted from their fixed scrutiny ahead. Our passenger laughed aloud, for his wife had grasped him at the un-

expected movement and the noise. "That's nothing," he assured her. "This is fine."

We cleared the shallows and were in the channel where the weight of the incoming tide raced and climbed. The *Mona's* light bows, meeting the tide, dancing ecstatically, sending over us showers which caught in the foot of the sail. The weather in the open was bright and hard, and the sun lost a little of its warmth in the wind, which was north of west. The dunes, which had been evanescent through distance in the flood of wind and light, grew material and great. The combers, breaking diagonally along that forsaken beach, had something ominous to say of the bar. Even I knew that, and turned to look ahead. Out there, across and above the burnished sea, a regular series of long shadowy walls were forming. They advanced slowly, grew darker, and grew higher; then in their parapets appeared arcs of white, and at once, where those lines of sombre shadows had been, there were plunging strata of white clouds. Other dark bands advanced from seaward continuously. There was a tremor and sound as of the shock and roll of far thunder.

We went about again, steering for the first outward mark of the fairway, the Mullet Buoy. Only the last house of the village was now looking at us remotely, a tiny white cube which frequently sank, on its precarious ledge of earth, beneath an intervening upheaval of the waters. The sea was superior now, as we saw the world from our little boat. The waters moved in from the outer with the ease of certain conquest, and the foundering shores vanished under each uplifted send of the ocean. We rounded the buoy. I could see the tide holding it down aslant with heavy strands of water, stretched and taut. About we went again for the lifeboat house.

There was no doubt of it now. We should be baling soon. Yeo, with one brown paw on the sheet and the other on the tiller, had not moved, nor even, so he looked, blinked the strange, unfrowning eyes peering from under the brim of his hat. The *Mona* came on an even keel by the lifeboat house, shook her wing for a moment as though in delight, and was off again dancing for the Mid Buoy. She was a live, responsive, and happy bird. "Now, Yeo," said the passenger beside the sailor, beaming in proper enjoyment

of this quick and radiant experience. "Didn't I tell you so? What's the matter with this?"

There was nothing the matter with that. The sea was blue and white. The frail coast, now far away, was of green and gold. The sky was the assurance of continued good. Our boat was buoyant energy. That bay, when in its uplifted and sparkling mood, with the extent of its liberty and the coloured promise of its romantic adventure, has no hint at all of the startling suddenness of its shadow, that presage of its complex and impersonal malice.

Yeo turned the big features of his impassive face to his passenger, looked at him as he would at a wilful and ill-mannered child, and said, "In five minutes we shall be round the Mid Buoy. Better go back. If you want to go back, say so now. Soon you won't be able to. We may be kept out a long time. If we are, don't blame me."

"Oh, go on, you," the man said, smiling indulgently. He was not going to relinquish the fine gift of these splendid hours.

Yeo put his pipe in his mouth and resumed his stare outwards. He said no more. On we went, skimming over inflowing ridges with exhilarating undulations, light as a sandpiper. It was really right to call that a glorious morning. I heard the curlews fluting among the stones of the Morte Bank, which must then have been almost awash; but I did not look that way, for the nearing view of the big seas breaking ahead of us fixed my mind with the first intentness of anxiety. Though near the top of the flood, the fairway could not be made out. What from the distance had appeared orderly ranks of surf had become a convulsive wilderness of foam, piled and dazzling, the incontinent smother of a heavy ground swell; for after all, though the wind needed watching, it was nothing much. The *Mona* danced on towards the anxious place. Except the distant hills there was no shore. Our hills were of water now we neared the bar. They appeared ahead with surprising suddenness, came straight at us as though they had been looking for us, and the discovery made them eager; and then, when the head of the living mass was looking over our boat, it swung under us.

We were beyond the bar before we knew it. There were a few minutes when, on either hand of the *Mona*, but not

near enough to be more than an arresting spectacle, ponderous glassy billows ceaselessly arose, projected wonderful curves of translucent parapets which threw shadows ahead of their deliberate advance, lost their delicate poise, and became plunging areas of blinding and hissing snow. We sped past them and were at sea. Yeo's knowledge of his work gives him more than the dexterity which overcomes difficulties as it meets them; it gives him the prescience to avoid them.

The steady breeze carried away from us the noise of that great tumult on the bar, and here was a sunny quietude where we heard nothing but the wing of the *Mona* when it fluttered. The last of the land was the Bar Buoy, weltering and tolling erratically its melancholy bell in its huge red cage. That dropped astern. The *Mona*, as though she had been exuberant with joy at the promise of release, had come out with whoops and a fuss, but, being outside, settled down to enjoy liberty in quiet content. The little lady with us, for the first time, appeared not sorry to be there. The boat was dry. The scoured thwarts were even hot to the touch. Our lady held the brim of her big straw hat, looking out over the slow rhythm of the heavy but unbroken seas, the deep suspirations of the ocean, and there was even a smile on her delicate face. She crouched forward no longer, and did not show that timid hesitation between her fear of sudden ugly water, when she would have inclined to her husband's side, and her evident nervousness also of her mate. She sat erect, enjoying the slow uplift and descent of the boat with a responsive body. She gazed overside into the transparent deeps, where large jelly-fish dimmered like sunken moons. I got out my pipe. This suggested something to our other passenger, and he got out his. He fumbled out his pouch and filled up. He then regarded the loaded pipe thoughtfully, but presently put it away, and leaned forward, gazing at the bottom of the boat. I caught Yeo's eye in a very solemn wink.

The *Mona*, lost in the waste, coursed without apparent purpose. Sometimes for a drowsy while we headed into the great light shining from all the Atlantic which stretched before us to America; and again we turned to the coast, which was low and far beyond mounting seas. By watching one mark ashore, a grey blur which was really the

tower of a familiar village church, it was clear Yeo was not making Pebblecombe with any ease. I glanced at him, and he shook his head. He then nodded it towards the western headland of the bay.

That was almost veiled by a dark curtain, though not long before the partitioned fields and colours of its upper slopes were clear as a mosaic; so insidiously, to the uninitiated, do the moods of this bay change. Our lady was at this moment bending solicitously towards her husband, whose head was in his hands. But he shook her off, turning away with a face not quite so proud as it had been, for its complexion had become that of a green canary's. He had acquired an expression of holiness, contemplative and sorrowful. The western coast had disappeared in the murk. "Better have something to eat now," said Yeo, "while there's a chance."

The lady, after a hesitating glance at her husband, who made no sign, his face being hidden in his arms, got out the luncheon-basket . He looked up once with a face full of misery and reproach, and said, forgetting the past with boldness, "Don't you think we'd better be getting back? It's looking very dark over there."

Yeo munched with calm for a while, swallowed, and then remarked, while conning the headland, "It'll be darker yet, and then we shan't go back, because we can't."

The *Mona* continuously soared upwards on the hills and sank again, often trembling now, for the impact of the seas was sharper. The man got into the bottom of the boat and groaned.

Light clouds, the feathery growth of the threatening obscurity which had hidden the western land, first spread to dim the light of the sun, then grew thick and dark overhead too, leaving us, after one ray that sought us out again and at once died, in a chill gloom. The glassy seas at once became opaque and bleak. Their surface was roughened with gusts. The delicate colours of the world, its hopeful spaciousness, its dancing light, the high blue vault, abruptly changed to the dim, cold, restricted outlook of age. We waited.

As Yeo luffed the squall fell on us bodily with a great weight of wind and white rain, pressing us into the sea. The *Mona* made ineffective leaps, trying to get release from

her imprisonment, but only succeeded in pouring water over the inert figure lying on the bottom boards. In a spasm of fear he sprang up and began to scramble wildly towards his wife, who in her nervousness was gripping the gunwale, but was facing the affair silently and pluckily. "Keep still there!" peremptorily ordered the sailor; and the man bundled down without a word, like a dog, an abject heap of wet rags.

The first weight of the squall was released. The *Mona* eased. But the rain set in with steadiness and definition. Nothing was in sight but the waves shaping in the murk and passing us, and the blurred outline of a ketch labouring under reduced canvas to leeward. The bundle on the boat's floor sat up painfully and glanced over the gunwale. He made no attempt to disguise his complete defeat by our circumstances. He saw the ketch, saw she was bigger, and humbly and loudly implored Yeo to put him aboard. He did not look at his wife. His misery was in full possession of him. When near to the ketch we saw something was wrong with a flag she was flying. We got round to her lee quarter and hailed the three muffled figures on her deck.

"Can we come aboard?" roared Yeo.

One of the figures came to the ship's side and leaned over. "All right," we heard, "if you don't mind sailing with a corpse."

Yeo put it to his passengers. The woman said nothing. Her pale face, pitifully tiny and appealing within her rough sailor's tarpaulin hat, showed an innocent mind startled by the brutality of a world she did not know, but a mind controlled and alert. You could guess she expected nothing now but the worst, and had been schooling herself to face it. Her husband, when he knew what was on that ship, repudiated the vessel with horror. Yet we had no sooner fallen slightly away than he looked up again, was reminded once more that she stood so much higher than our boat, and cried, "Yes, yes!"

The two craft imperceptibly approached, as by gravitation. The men of the ketch saw we had changed our minds, and made ready to receive us. On one noisy uplift of a wave we got the lady inboard. Waiting another opportunity, floundering about below the black wall of the ship, presently it came, and we shoved over just anyhow the

helpless bulk of the man. He disappeared within the ship like a shapeless sack, and bumped like one. When I got over I saw the *Mona's* mast, which was thrusting and falling by the side of the ketch, making wild oscillations and eccentrics, suddenly vanish; and then appeared Yeo, who carried a tow-line aft and made fast.

The skipper of the ketch had been drowned, we were told. They were bringing his body home. The helmsman indicated a form lashed in a sailcloth to the hatch. They were standing on and off waiting to get in over the bar. Yeo they knew so well that hardly any words passed between them. They were glad to put the piloting in his hands. He took the wheel of the *Judy of Padstow*.

The substantial deck of the *Judy* was a great relief after the dizzy gyrations of the aerial *Mona*; and our lady, with a half glance at what on the hatch was so grimly indifferent to all that could happen now, even smiled again, perhaps with a new sense of safety. She saw her husband settled in a place not too wet, and got about the venerable boards of the *Judy*, looking at the old gear with curiosity, glancing, with her head dropped back, into the dark intricacy of rigging upheld by the ponderous mainmast as it swayed back and forth. Every time the men went hurriedly trampling to some point of the running gear she watched what they were at. For hours we beat about, in a great noise of waters, waiting for that opportunity at the entrance to home and comfort. Once Yeo took us as far towards the vague mist of surf as the dismal tolling of the Bar Buoy, but evidently did not like the look of it, and stood out again.

At last, having decided, he shouted orders, there was a burst of activity, and we headed for the bad place. Soon we should know.

The *Judy* began to plunge alarmingly. The incoming rollers at times swept her along with a rush, and Yeo had his hands full. Her bowsprit yawed, rose and fell hurriedly, the *Judy's* unsteady dexter pointing in nervous excitement at what was ahead of her. But Yeo held her to it, though those heavy following seas so demoralised the *Judy* that it was clear it was all Yeo could do to keep her to her course. Columns of spray exploded ahead, driving in on us like shot.

"Look out!" cried Yeo. I looked. Astern was a grey

hill, high over us, fast overtaking us, the white turmoil of its summit already streaming down its long slope. It accelerated, as if it could see it would soon be too late. It nearly was, but not quite. A cataract roared over the poop, and Yeo vanished. The *Judy*, in a panic, made an attempt at a move which would have been fatal then; but she was checked and her head steadied. I could do nothing but hold the lady firm and grasp a pin in its rail. The flood swept us, brawling round the gear, foundering the hatch. For a moment I thought it was a case, and saw nothing but maniacal water. Then the foam subsided to clear torrents which flung about violently with the ship's movement. The men were in the rigging. Yeo was rigid at the wheel, his eyes on the future. I could not see the other passenger till his wife screamed, and then I saw him. Two figures rolled in a flood that was pouring to the canting of the deck, and one of them desperately clutched at the other for aid. But the other was the dead skipper, washed from his place on the hatch.

We were over the bar again, and the deck became level. But it remained the bottom of a shallow well in which floated with indifference the one time master of the *Judy*, face downwards, and who presently stranded amidships. Our passenger reclined on the vacated hatch, his eyes wide with childish and unspoken horror, and fixed on his wife, whose ministering hands he fumbled for as does a child for his mother's when he wakes at night after a dream of evil.

The Ego in Hades

By 2nd Lt. Horace B. Samuel

With my natural patriotism duly magnified into a blind sadic gusto by the rum provided by a judicious Government, and calling ferociously upon the name of the one goddess whom I had ever seriously worshipped, I rushed gaily into the ridiculous scrimmage of a mutual butchery.

But inasmuch as these pages constitute not, forsooth, a melodramatic account of a banal charge, but rather a racy and romantic chronicle of posthumous happenings, I consider as irrelevant the precise details of how I, in fact, met my glorious death. It is enough to state that, having killed a few odd Germans with the keenest possible pleasure (and in my then mood I could have killed anyone, man, woman, beast, baby, devil, or god with the keenest possible pleasure), I received myself a wound as mortal as it was, I am glad to say, instantaneous.

Having died, I also lost consciousness, strange as this may appear to the fatuous exponents of the theory of a complete vital continuity. It is quite possible that I found dying rather a shock. Anyway, there was a distinct gap in my consciousness—a gap which, for all I knew, might have lasted seconds, minutes, hours, days, or weeks.

When, however, I did once again catch hold of the vital thread, I felt at once that there was something radically wrong, something specifically missing. Of course, during the whole tenor of my so tragically curtailed life, I had always prided myself on being an intellectual, but I can assure you that never before had I either been, or indeed conceived it possible to be, so chillily and confoundedly intellectual as I now felt. A lover who has lost his mistress, a politician who has lost his seat, a woman who has lost her virtue, a B.E.F. subaltern who has lost his valise, a man who has lost a limb, are all pitiable enough specimens in all conscience; but at least there is this to be said

for them: they are still there, angrily, vividly there, lamenting, swearing, expostulating, being pathetic. They all still have something definite to do, to wish for, to fuss about. But the inconvenience which they sustain is, I assure you, the most insignificant of bagatelles compared with that of the gentleman who wakes up one fine hour of infinity to find himself bodyless, a ludicrous Kantian Thing-in-Itself, a floating piece of abstract intellectualism, a poor drifting consciousness, an intangible memory, a mere derelict idea.

No, my good crank friends of Theosophy, I did not feel relieved, purified, and exalted at being freed from the sordid integument of the body. On the contrary, I positively yearned for the warm crass consciousness of my own base carcase. Intellectual? Agreed! But poor fun was there, forsooth, in being intellectual when you could neither read, for you had no eyes, nor write, for you had no hands (to say nothing of the question of paper), or even dictate, for you had no voice.

What, in fact, was there to do in this blank Hades? Only one thing, obviously. To find some warm nest in this bleak desolation of a chill infinity. And where was this nest to be found, this little home for the poor outcast idea running loose in space? In the heart, forsooth, of the only woman whom I had ever loved, the woman who for ever so short a time had yet once loved me.

Did she still draw me to her by her eternal magnetism? Possibly, but, on the whole, I prefer to favour the other theory. For even as in life, it was I who had made love to her, and had by the force and light of my own fire produced in her an answering reflection of my love, so even now I was so extraordinarily avid of her presence that almost immediately and without search and without effort, I found myself within her heart. And what was my dwelling-place therein? Alas! exceedingly small. A little chamber shrouded in blue silence, which in moments of reverie and souvenir she would occasionally revisit. And so happy was I that I should be within the heart of my beloved, that for a time my consciousness slumbered in sweet contentment. And then, awaking vigorous and refreshed, I strove to invade her brain. And in this respect I can boast of a success, slow but yet very

definite. For by degrees I broke down the barriers of time and circumstance so that I obtained free movement within her soul. And I exploited my opportunities with some adroitness. When her mind was a blank, I would spring up in it with the slap-dash suddenness of a jack-in-the-box. When she was busied with the thousand and one prosaic details of everyday life, I would suddenly assail her, travelling swiftly across the lines of two or three possibly somewhat complex associations of ideas. In former times she had stated, not vauntingly or coquettishly, but simply, and as a constation of fact—as indeed it was—that she was the only woman who had ever touched my emotional chord. It was now my turn to play tricks with hers. I haunted her with increased assiduity and accumulative success. In the bad old days I had frequently waited in vain outside the locked door of her flat while she lay stretched in some perverse dream upon her silken couch, stubborn, unheeding, absorbed. But now it was otherwise, since I was well inside the house of her soul, and could not be dislodged. For with the force of one single thought I could set a thousand bells ringing within her, to which in a flutter of emotions she would hasten to respond. And the measure of success which attended my perseverance may be gauged by these two facts. The first was this: When caressing the man whose name she bore she would occasionally murmur my own name, so that I was reminded of the numerous occasions when I myself had made love to other women, only to obtain a bastard and inferior exaltation and to curse them either in my heart or aloud for the unforgivable crime of not being *She*. And as she kissed her first-born, who had been baptised with some stolid *bourgeois* prefix, I would catch her occasionally thinking of that fantastic Phœnician name which we ourselves had designated for our own unbegotten child.

And she would begin to create in dream the unrealised happiness of our own two lives—each working hard at our respective careers in our two countries, and then skipping across Europe to take hands for a brief but concentrated merry-making—and then that flippant projected journey over the Continent, when we were to sign in the visitors' books of the most fashionable hotels all the names of all our most austere and depraved friends and enemies in the

most impudent and monstrous collocation, so that we might thus obtain the mood and the *mise-en-scène* for the mischievous and rollicking farce of a collaborated novel; and then the sacred pilgrimage to our East, and the task of creation which we were there to accomplish.

But, alas! what can a poor ghost of a memory effect against the concrete reality of an existing life? What availed the *raffiné* intercourse of souvenir against the solid facts of her matrimonial and maternal duties, and the petulant and persistent trifles of her social life? The excitement which I had kindled gradually subsided, and, so far as my disappointed ghost was concerned, her heart turned once again from fire to a dull stone, and the love-notes in her voice were once more muffled. The perfume of souvenir exhaled a fainter and yet fainter fragrance, and my angry spirit beat once again in futile protest against doors definitely closed.

So yet again my derelict ego floated out over the void.

Frozen thus out of the heart of the only woman whom I had ever loved, my thoughts naturally turned by way of contrast to the chief criminal among the many men whom I had ever hated, the pestilential fellow who had done me, if not the worst, at any rate the most recent injury, that bluff, burly blackguard with his bastard *bonhomie* and gruff geniality, who had obstructed for years past the path of my happiness.

I accordingly luxuriated in the exquisite thoughts of an Oriental revenge; my curse should hound him to an insanitary grave; he should catch from his wife the fashionable malady of the moment only to convey it to his favourite paramour; the shadows of his sons were to be lessened in the war, and his three ugly daughters were to experience *contretemps* at the hands of the Bulgarians.

But, alas again! my poor, noble, but abortive ideals, poor, meritorious aspirations, never to be fulfilled!

The unfortunate fact remained that I could effect no entrance into that adamantine Chubb's safe where the villain kept those Humbert's millions which he called his soul. The reason was obvious, on a little reflection. For a mere ghost to find a posthumous habitat, for it to live for ever so short a time within the soul of another man, some measure of sympathy is essential. The magic and

stimulating electricity of a good old hate will answer the purpose, with its mutual partnership of clashing and revivifying shocks and the cogent contacts of its hostile currents. But what was one to do with the prosaic phlegm of this most typical of British Philistines, who just went blundering on in his stolid *bourgeois* way and had completely forgotten my very existence? Nothing, forsooth. I could haunt him till I was weary, but he never even appreciated my ghostly presence.

From this point my existence became more and more attenuated. I became just a miserable tramp of Space and Time, cadging a few crumbs of life here and there in the memories of my friends, when some circumstance or the turn taken by some conversation would awaken for a few transitory seconds the association of my personality.

And then, quite naturally, I began to suffer from *ennui* to an extent so alarming that I positively began to envisage the possibility of a ghostly suicide. I turned to thoughts of the conventional deities of all ages, the Jehovahs, Buddhas, Pans, Priapuses, Christs, Sivahs, Allahs, and Kalis. But, unfortunately, they were all so engrossed in a great war of mutual extermination as to have no time left to attend to their more serious duties. And then I became suddenly thrilled by the good red presence of my old friend the Will to Live. My consciouness began to bubble with an ever-increasing heat, and all the fibres of my soul to expand and expand with a vehement, peremptory yearning after reality.

. . . . . .

"We all thought you were as good as dead," said the nurse, with a startled expression on her face, as I came to.

"You ought to have been by rights," observed the doctor. "Your case is simply an instance of the Will to Live—very instructive from the scientific standpoint. Your delirium has, I assure you, been extremely interesting."

"I hope I mentioned no names?" I queried with some anxiety.

"Nurse listened intently, but could catch nothing," he answered.

The Religion of Peace

By E. S. P. Haynes

It has now become the duty of every citizen in every country to prevent by every possible means any repetition of the horrors which we have all had either to contemplate or endure since August, 1914. If these horrors are due to any perversion of truth in the human mind analogous to that which inflicted on the human race the prolonged agonies of religious warfare or the establishment of the Inquisition, the world obviously needs conversion. The possibility of that conversion must therefore both precede and follow any discussion of what machinery can be employed to secure international peace.

The Case for War.—The beliefs of those who are not ready to welcome any machinery for securing public right by guaranteeing wherever possible the peaceful settlement of international disputes fall roughly into two classes:—

1. The conviction that *war, on the whole, produces more good than evil.* This is founded on the idea that commercial (if no other) competition is in itself demoralising, that war unifies nations, and that the avoidance of war involves the assumption that there is no evil in this world worse than physical injury or death.

2. The conviction that *war is, like prostitution or disease, a necessary evil inherent in human society.* It is argued that man, being a quarrelsome animal, will always want to fight about women or property or power. Moreover, there are certain disputes, even among individuals, which cannot be properly settled in the law courts; in every State there is always the possibility of revolution; and when we take human society on the largest scale of all there must always be an ultimate resort to force among its largest constituent members. To men of this type the discussion of any scheme to guarantee peace seems waste of time or worse.

The first conviction that war is, on the whole, good probably prevailed among most Europeans before August,

1914, though the actual experience of war has no doubt shaken it. On the other hand, it has become more vocal. It is also possibly more real to the unthinking optimist, the bellicose dowager, and the champions of vicarious asceticism. To all reasoning persons, however, it must be clear that whatever by-products of good may result from war (as, for example, national or allied co-operation or a truer standard of human values) are obviously outweighed by the appalling waste of life and property, the physical torture, mutilation, and starvation of innocent persons, and the letting loose of all evil passions at one and the same time. It also follows from this belief that small States cannot be allowed to exist, since any real security for them necessarily implies an immunity from war which must result in the decadence of the whole world.

Again, it is from such premises that the Germans have formulated a logic whereby all wars have to be conducted as if the world would never again be at peace until their enemies were exterminated and all neutrals paralysed with fear. For all humanity in warfare presupposes peace as the normal condition of mankind.

The second conviction is, however, held and generally professed even now by the vast majority of Europeans, just as religious toleration was held by mediæval thinkers to be not merely impracticable, but also undesirable. It is true that many who might consider international peace desirable do not consider it practicable; but the human tendency to acquiesce in unpleasant necessities, or what seem to be necessities, often results in the inhibition of any desire to alter the *status quo*.

Human conduct is the result of habit and suggestion. It does not, for instance, occur to a modern Englishman that the only way to wipe out an insult is a duel. An injured husband may sometimes assault his wife's lover, but he more frequently consults his solicitor. An English Minister insulted in the House of Commons ignores the insult and its perpetrator. A private citizen avenges injury to his character in the King's Bench Division. The fact remains, however, that in the England of 1800 the English gentleman, like the modern Frenchman or German, would have regarded a duel as the only possible settlement of such disputes. Nor is this climate of opinion merely due to

what the advocate of war vaguely calls "materialism"—*e.g.*, the conviction that nothing in this world can be worse than physical violence. On the contrary, it is due to a growing sense of proportion and to the growing complexity of civilisation. It is recognised that an injured husband has better duties to his family and to society in general than to kill the man whom his wife prefers to himself, and that the consequences of such conduct entail grave injury, not to say inconvenience, to others. This applies even more forcibly to cases of insult and slander.

But the ravages of war also inconvenience the world at large. Assume our European society to have originated in a group of twenty barons occupying a territory of one hundred square miles in more or less equal proportions. Then just as that area became more densely populated, as labour became more specialised and divided and the engines of warfare became more widely destructive, there would obviously come a period when even a private war over ten square miles of territory would endanger the lives of all the inhabitants and become a pestilent nuisance to the neutrals on the rest of the area. And that is precisely what is happening to-day to our own planet in proportion as distance is reduced and war affects more and more populations.

It is, of course, true that a State or Federation of States can be upset by a revolution (whether bloody or peaceful), and that a revolution is justified only by success. But that is just what makes most revolutions desirable and, in these days, often peaceful. For on the revolutionary lies the burden of proving that what he does will benefit society, and it is just because of this that he will often postpone his operations until the general approval of his programme makes resort to violence unnecessary.

It is equally true that human society has never completely abolished disease or prostitution. But history, and especially modern history, has shown that modern hygiene, whether public or private, can virtually abolish some diseases and mitigate the incidence of others; while Havelock Ellis has been able to demonstrate a distinct decline in prostitution as the result of changing opinion in regard to problems of sex.

Disease, in fact, provides a pertinent analogy. It seems

to be accepted by modern doctors that a parasitic organism of the kind found in cases of syphilis or malaria can perhaps never be scotched, but can at least always be rendered innocuous by drugs if proper vigilance is observed. In the same way militarism may perhaps in future be rendered innocuous if the human race remains sufficiently alive to the destructive possibilities of war by an intellectual effort of self-preservation. The war of our own time bears a close analogy to the ravages that may result to the individual from negligence in observing medical injunctions after being infected by a parasite. On the other hand, the question of war is psychological, not physiological; and psychology is necessarily a more difficult region to explore.

General Remedies.—Assuming, however, the possibility of discovering some sort of cure for the disease of militarism, it may be useful to discuss the suggestions that are commonly made with this object.

Democracy.—Perhaps the commonest suggestion is that democratic forms of government make for peace. The examples of French and Athenian democracy or German Socialism are not, perhaps, encouraging; but obviously the Englishmen who in 1851 thought that popular government would make for peace have not been altogether stultified. For ever since 1851 wars have become more infrequent, and peaceful settlements of international disputes by arbitration more frequent. A complete machinery evolved itself and was available at The Hague for settling the troubles which caused the present war; moreover, it has achieved considerable success since its foundation in 1899.

There is no essential reason why patriotism need necessarily be inspired by militarism. The ordinary man wishes to live in peace. He is, as a rule, exhausted by the economic struggle for existence, and any surplus energy is absorbed in family cares and congenial amusements. The monotony of his life may tempt him to occasional violence, but he must see his enemy and the fight; while in modern warfare many soldiers see neither. He has, of course, natural antipathies. He is apt to dislike or distrust men of different race, colour, religion, or language. But he does not, therefore, necessarily wish to kill them. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council settles the disputes of an Empire which comprises far more divergent types of

humanity than the continent of Europe. Great Britain and France respectively head the roll of those nations which have adjusted international differences by arbitration in spite of the prestige in war enjoyed by both countries.

Our imaginary citizen may dislike foreign labour and pass immigration restraints; but in the England of 1913 he suggested no such restraints against Germans, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians. He responds to tribal impulses, but these have to be roused by newspapers and placards before they result in modern warfare. He may be adventurous, but modern exploration and finance abundantly indulge the zest for adventure. He may enjoy the idea of painting the globe red or looting other nations, but his individual share of the spoil is not likely to tempt him to risk in his own person death or mutilation for these objects.

The motives to which he responds in respect of war or rumours of war are those of fear and patriotism. The fear of invasion and the attachment expanded from hearth and home to his country and to the men whose language and nationality he shares are sufficient of themselves to make him throw aside all the peaceful and humane impulses of his normal existence and to make his wives and daughters applaud his heroism. The result is that unusually peaceful persons like the Germans and citizens of an Empire like that of Austria-Hungary, which has no real nationality, submit to conscription in peace and to the dictates of a tiny group in war.

On the other hand, those who believe that militarism can be checked by popular government are entirely blind to the fact that modern democracies have not, as a rule, the machinery either for knowing or expressing the general will. A modern nation is far too large to act in real unison except under the pressure of war. No existing form of "representative" government can protect a democracy from being exploited by what Mr. Graham Wallas calls "the process of non-rational inference." Men are at the mercy of the governing group and their newspapers, and the governing group can always both directly and indirectly control the Press. Moreover, the very terminology and professions of the group hoodwink the people into regarding them as their own leaders. It follows from all this that nothing is so easy for the governing group as to make war.

It is of course obvious that a disastrous war may ruin the governing group; but no man or group of men is ever proof against the gambling instinct, and in certain circumstances it may clearly be to their interest to gamble. Emperors and Kings have often found war essential to distract their subjects from their failures in time of peace, and groups are no less likely to find themselves in the same plight. It follows, therefore, that unless some genuinely representative form of government can be introduced into what is called democracy, popular government affords no real security against militarism.

Profit and Loss.—The next remedy against militarism is that popularly associated with the name of Norman Angell, namely, the obvious truth that the conditions of international credit and commerce impose prohibitive penalties alike on the conqueror and the conquered. But this proposition takes no account of the fact that "non-rational inference" is eminently susceptible to the emotions of fear and patriotism; while on the other hand, it does not follow that the governing group will individually suffer, however great the collective suffering of their community may be. For example, the Prussian Junkers thought that they would escape succession duties on land as the result of war; and it is possible that they will. Clearly the present experience of war will enforce the lesson of collective ruin, and what is even more cogent, the disastrous loss to neutrals; but the fact remains that this consideration will not of itself make war impossible or even improbable.

Humanitarianism.—Most writers on the subject of war have relied on the growth of humanitarian feeling as exemplified in the growth of the Stoic philosophy under the Roman Empire, or the progress of the Christian religion in mediæval Europe, or of cosmopolitan feeling in the modern world. The truth is, however, that humanitarian emotions are fitful and much influenced by conditions of space and time. What is distant and remote will never sway human emotion unless it seems likely to become near and actual. A massacre of foreigners in China produces less emotion in London than a murder in Piccadilly. Moreover, many an Englishman who disliked hunting or shooting in July, 1914, would have cheerfully pressed a

button if he could thereby kill 100,000 Germans of military age, in July, 1915.

So long as the vast majority of men know no language but their own and rarely (if ever) leave their own country, they will always find it difficult to restrain the primitive impulse to throw brickbats at strangers. Even highly-educated English tourists dislike the presence of negroes on trains and tramcars in the United States, and such racial antagonism is very deeply-rooted in human nature. The English have a better record than other nations as regards coloured men; but even their humanitarianism is limited. An universal love of humanity is about as likely to occur as an universal abstinence from flesh food on humanitarian grounds. Nevertheless, it is always possible that a tidal wave of enthusiasm for human welfare may be generated by the miseries of our time and carry away with it many seemingly permanent obstacles to peace and goodwill.

War as a General Nuisance.—Germany has perhaps performed a service to humanity in making war a general nuisance. In the present war neutrals have suffered more than they ever suffered in the past. Their supplies of food and fuel are reduced and endangered, their shipping is destroyed by mines and submarines, their trade is made precarious by interrupted communications. Their plight will be even worse in the future as aerial warfare progresses. Their discomfort is swelled by that of non-combatants in belligerent countries whose patriotism is sorely tried by the bombardment of open towns and the destruction of property for military purposes.

If two householders in a garden suburb began shelling each other all the other inhabitants would fall upon them and enforce a universal peace; and this is what will ultimately happen on this planet within a few centuries. If men can be convinced that a war ought to be made as difficult as a revolution, that it is ruinous to belligerents and dangerous to neutrals, that it is more likely than not to serve the sinister purposes of a governing group or of private armament firms internationally pooling their profits so as to be sure of gain in any event, they will soon lose all romantic feelings about the sublimity of war as easily as they have abandoned the ancient superstition that it is blasphemous to mitigate physical suffering or to fight the ravages of disease.

It is of course possible to establish public right without any general agreement for peace, and no doubt before 1914 this was supposed to have been achieved. The neutrality of Belgium had up to that date been scrupulously respected. But recent events have shaken all faith in public right when one of the Powers that guaranteed Belgian neutrality has taken forcible possession of Belgian soil despite the most strenuous exertions of the other two guarantors. Other small States may well ask for better security than guarantees tempered by a Balance of Power. For these reasons it seems clear that the establishment of public right must always be precarious unless all Europe is ready to unite in support of this great cause.

Nevertheless, we must not lose sight of the fact that no system of international arbitration will endure for a moment so long as the human race is not thoroughly converted to a new attitude as regards distrust of other nations and the feeling that physical violence in war is a right and proper solution of international disputes. The belligerents in the present war have learned much from experience; but the neutrals have shown a tardy disposition to vindicate international law. It it clear that unless the gospel of peace establishes itself in the next thirty years, a new generation will not properly understand what war means. It will also be essential to effect a settlement of modern Europe which will at once satisfy national aspirations and control its more barbarous inhabitants in the Near East.

Alternative Solutions of the Problem.—Assuming a general will for peace, the machinery that is to express it and keep it alive must not be too rigid. Mr. Lowell Jones, in an excellent book on International Arbitration, wrote that war must always be inevitable where there are two nations of equal strength, when the expansion of either means injuring the other, and both are equally determined to protect their trade interests and their markets, their political aims and ideals. This is certainly the most difficult case to deal with, though we need not assume that national birth-rates are going to expand indefinitely in Europe or that the two nations in question may not fear the commercial competition of neutrals while the mutually destructive processes of war are at work.

The alternative solutions are, roughly:—

1. The establishment of an international legislature, judicature, and police, and

2. The formation of a Peace Guarantee League, the members of which would be under an obligation to be enforced by pecuniary penalties, commercial or postal boycott, or armed force, to submit any dispute (whether of honour, tariffs, or boundaries) to some sort of arbitration before resorting to war.

But these two solutions are not, perhaps, mutually exclusive. We have been familiar with an international police force ever since the United States joined the European Powers in suppressing the Barbary pirates one hundred years ago. The members of a Peace League would no doubt not object to submitting their disputes to the Hague Tribunal if they could not agree upon any other device, such as a Commission appointed by themselves. The members of a League could decide as easily as an International Court whether the disputants should be allowed to settle their differences by war if they did not accept the decision of the arbitrator. Probably the best solution would be for the disputants to have a right of appeal to the Hague Tribunal against any other decision given in the first instance, and to make resort to war without such an appeal an offence which would justify the other members in forcibly restraining the aggressor. The other members would have every motive to do so if once the League were a going concern. The principal difficulty is whether the two particular Powers might not be sufficiently strong to defy the other members of the League either by themselves or by outside alliances. It is clear that it would usually be to the interest of the Power attacked to invite the assistance of the League; but this is not certain in all circumstances.

Let us assume a League containing all the European Powers and the United States, and a dispute between Great Britain and a German Republic on a question considered by the British Government to affect her sea-power in some vital respect. The dispute is first heard by an International Commission, which decides against the British claim, and then Great Britain, supported by the Dominions, declines to submit the issue to the Hague Tribunal. She further

calls upon Japan for support as an ally. Could the British Empire and Japan (as armaments now stand) defy all the other members of the League, or at least threaten so formidable an opposition that the other members of the League would leave Germany in the lurch?

It is at least arguable that as armaments stand now the British Empire and Japan might successfully defy the League. On the other hand, any League of Peace would be compelled to provide for such contingencies in the process of formation, and it is here presumed that the preliminary submission of the dispute would be made in good faith on each side without any covert designs of destruction. The will to peace once established, the element of panic that leads to inflated armaments and sudden explosions of war would be a much less important factor than it is now. Supposing, however, that the British Empire consented to appeal, would she not make the same preparations in case the appeal should fail? The answer to that question is that the element of time involved would give full scope for the parties and their neutral friends to arrange some sort of compromise adjusting the rival claims of the two nations without resort to war. It may safely be conjectured that scarcely any duel would prove fatal if the seconds each stood to lose half their fortunes or earning power if even one of the parties were severely wounded.

Another obvious difficulty is that of a desire for national expansion breaking down any *status quo*. The best answer to that is the peaceful division of Africa among European nations in 1885, and the fact that in 1914 Germany could have obtained much of what she wanted by peaceful negotiation. She might not have been conceded all that she wanted in the Balkans, but it would never have been worth her while to defy all the other Powers in our imaginary League of Peace for this one object alone. The combination of two or more members of the League for such a purpose might well be made to involve huge financial sacrifice if a sort of fidelity fund were levied from the constituent Powers, to be confiscated in the event of secession. Each Power would enjoy the income of its contribution, but would forfeit the capital, in whole or in part, by violating the rules of the League.

It is not for one moment suggested that either boun-

daries or treaties can be immortalised or that resort to force can be permanently abolished. What is suggested is that the occasions of war can be made far more rare than they now are between the Great Powers, and that no *casus belli* need arise which cannot be settled by negotiation or arbitration. It may be objected that nations will no more become permanently righteous than individuals, but the security of a society depends on the fact that its constituent members never want to commit crimes *simultaneously*. Given a League of Peace, it would be impossible even for one Power to make the sort of preparations that Germany was making from 1900 to 1914 without the knowledge of all the others, and the rules of the League would obviously deal with a situation of this kind. So long as Europe was content to accept anarchy as a creed, it was impossible for the other Powers to make a *casus belli* of Germany's preparations, especially when most of the governing groups in the countries concerned thought that patriotism demanded the glorification of war as war even in the national schools.

A League of Peace, however, does necessitate unanimity on certain points, as, for example, the abolition of private armament firms and a certain limitation of armaments. The first step might not be difficult; the second would no doubt be very difficult; but the enterprise would not be insuperable if all men of good will honestly cooperated for the purpose. The point is that if it were once achieved it might easily endure. Certain standards might be agreed, such as the size of population, length of frontiers, distance of coast-line, extent of territory, and so forth. There is at least no doubt that the industrialisation of war will make war a monopoly of big industrial States.

Most important of all, perhaps, is the necessity of adequate machinery for enforcing, in the last resort, the will of the League. The financial fidelity scheme would not be sufficient unless the League could also deal with sudden armed aggression. As Sir Frederick Pollock well remarks: "Therefore, the future League of law-abiding nations will be furnished not only with judicial and deliberative organs, but with a permanent executive council and an expert general staff ready to assume the direction of the common power on that Council's requisition. I am

rather disposed to conceive the executive body as a standing committee of the larger general council; but other ways of appointing it are equally possible. This, no doubt, involves a considerable delegation of authority by sovereign States, but those who desire the end of effectual concerted action must be prepared to grant the means."

This programme, of course, involves two assumptions: (*a*) that the States are really sovereign in the sense of having a permanent unity of administration, and (*b*) that they really represent the general will of their citizens. Concerning this latter point we may remember that although popular government affords no real security against militarism, yet even popular government cannot utterly disregard public opinion. It is also true that no machinery to enforce peace and international equity can be of the least use unless its objects command almost universal approval. Dare we hope that the general sentiment of mankind can defeat even the intrigues of dynasties and politicians? That is really the crucial problem. Most writers have concentrated attention on questions of ways and means; it seems, therefore, important to consider what can be done to convert the human race to a new feeling about war which will persist for generations after those who have seen the horrors of our time are in their graves.

The Conversion of Humanity to Peace.—We must not forget that as from 1860 we have been living in a state of acute ethical transition. As the supernatural sanctions of conduct have decayed, new ideas of human obligation, without otherworldly sanctions, have grown up sporadically and without external recognition. We do not, for instance, still think it necessary to hang little children for pilfering shops as the bishops of 1800 did; while, on the other hand, we have endowed the atheist with a civic conscience since 1888 by the Affirmations Act. The result of all this chaotic hypocrisy, due partly to the fear of heterodoxy and partly to a sympathetic consideration for vested interests, has been the verification of Pope's forecast:—

> "Religion blushing veils her sacred fires
> And unawares Morality expires."

This; at least, has been true of the governing class in Germany, where the worship of the State has filled the

vacuum created by the religious alarums and excursions of the nineteenth century.

No great movement has ever succeeded without rising on the wings of emotional conviction. It is true, in a sense, that negro slavery ceased in the United States of America because (agriculturally speaking) it did not pay. But negro slavery would, nevertheless, have persisted but for the strong moral revolt against it. Similarly, war has become so widely devastating that it concerns the whole world to end it. But war cannot be effectually ended, or even sensibly regulated, without the advent of something like a new religion. What is the new religion to be?

Whether formulated in ecclesiastical terms and cast into ecclesiastical moulds or not, the new religion will have to include whatever is congenial to it in the older creeds, whether Christian or Buddhist, without obtruding supernatural or metaphysical tenets which give rise to disputation on non-essential points. "*Pruritus disputandi scabies ecclesiae.*" It will have to exclude creeds like Islam which incite men to bloodshed. Like Stoicism, it will have to be "a religion in its exalted passion," but also a "philosophy, inasmuch as it will make no pretence to magical powers or supernatural knowledge." Some may say that such a religion already exists in the shape of Positivism; others may (perhaps more convincingly) cite the Quakers in Europe or the Buddhists in Asia as men who have refrained even from religious persecution in spite of all temptations. Or, again, we may learn much from the wisdom of Confucius and the intelligent compromises of his peace-loving countrymen. Moreover, the much-maligned philosophy of Epicurus has its own special contribution to make.

For this new religion must get rid of devil-worship and the superstitious veneration of human misery as punishment. It must preach terrestrial happiness. It must convince mankind that a garden suburb is a more edifying spectacle than a trench full of *disjecta membra* that once were men; that a Zabern bully is no less repulsive a creature than a London *souteneur*; that men who plot aggressive warfare for a generation are more noxious and dangerous to the race than any ordinary criminal. All this cannot be done in the twinkling of an eye. Civilisation, like charity, must begin at home, and begin by better

education and a higher standard of comfort. A general rise in wages and a wide extension of co-operative movements may well result in bringing the best thought and literature of the world within the reach of every skilled artisan as well as opportunities of travel that have not been his before. Can we believe that if the proletariat of Germany had really been given the chance of understanding what international civilisation means they would ever have been deluded as they have been by their governing class, or that a properly educated proletariat in this country would take its inspiration from a Press which has substituted the chatter of City clerks and domestic servants for the Humanities?

The pessimist need only turn to France, the most highly civilised country in the world, where property is distributed with some approach to equality, where every newspaper reflects the general intelligence, where the common sense of Montaigne, Rabelais, and Voltaire inspires the humblest citizen, to see a population which can fight like heroes while loathing war like philosophers. Since the days of Rousseau the mind of France has been a lantern unto our feet, and it is to France that we must look for the formulation of the new Humanism, congenial as it will certainly be to all the traditional hatred of cruelty and love of justice which has, in spite of all shortcomings, honourably distinguished the history of English-speaking communities in every quarter of the globe. Somewhere, perhaps, behind the thick pall of destruction there may still be working

"L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle."

A Reform School

By A Secondary Schoolmaster

I HAVE tried to show in a previous article in this REVIEW how haphazard, commercial, and callous in its aims English education is proving itself. But, thank heaven, there are a few schools which have unfurled the banner of hope and wisdom, and do not willingly kow-tow to the niggard aims of this present generation of hucksters. Now I would like to publish a brief survey of what may perhaps be considered an almost model school from the standpoint of Anglo-Saxon sanity and the requirements of a civilisation which, perhaps, tends to over-emphasise scientific and technical equipment.

It was my fortune to act as English master for several terms at Batley Grammar School,* until the war's aftermath of pro-Hun economising and suspending schemes played havoc with its teaching and organisation. Batley Grammar School, which is staffed by the usual underpaid assistant masters, has an attendance of 160 boys, and is a cheerful, compact building, fitted on the inside with every comfort and convenience. Beautiful charts and pictures † hang upon the walls; and the boys after they enter school move about in slippered feet over polished beeswaxed floors, whose shiny surfaces luminously suggest that the morning labours are to be pleasing and seductive, and will have little in common with those out-of-date teaching programmes arranged in spiritual spite and disarranged in idleness. Batley town is chiefly engaged in weaving shoddy, and the boys, for the most part, come of a rough but sensible middle-class stock, and have the usual average of North Country wits.

Since the district is industrial, with its own peculiar aims and ambitions, stress was naturally laid upon the *technical and scientific side* of the boys' schooling; but

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† Many of them, I am afraid, came from Germany. Here is a future sphere of usefulness for patriotic artists and printers.

this did not mean that the humanistic side was in any way neglected, though Latin and Greek were barred from the ordinary curriculum as filling up too much time. Only one modern language was taught, this being German, because previous to the war Batley had close business relationships with Germany, and it was very sanely decided that the best way to cope with Germany's commercial aggression was to learn her language. And I emphasise the word "humanistic," for German was not taught merely for business purposes nor on an unsound philological basis, but as an æsthetic stimulus. Simple authors, but the very best, were put into the boys' hands, and a number of German lyrics—Schiller, Goethe, Liliencron, etc.—were learnt every year by heart, and recited in a way that made one's spirits rise. Naturally, the basis of the German teaching was *phonetics*, united to all those aids which lead to a correct pronunciation. A new boy entered the school without any knowledge of the language; and if he was placed in the third form he commenced straight away learning to master the guttural phrases of the modern Goths. During this first term of about fifty lessons there was no written work at all, and I believe that in theory the beginner never saw a book, so that he became quite familiar with words and sentences and simple nursery rhymes before he could write or read a syllable.

After these first stages had been achieved, the writing of German was not neglected. I was not modern language master,* but I have often picked up the boys' compositions and wondered at the nimble way in which they translated rather difficult passages of English prose. There were several German works suitable for boys in the school library, and these were in pretty frequent demand, considering how easy it is to follow the path of least resistance and turn to Henty and Manville Fenn.

In English we had quite a go-ahead system. Two "classics" were read through in each class per term (with the accompaniment of suitable composition exercises upon the text), which make *six a year*, and meant that by the time a boy had completed his school career he was quite familiar with from thirty-six to forty well-known works;

* It is perhaps only discreet to add that he was an Englishman and not a German.

and if he was an intelligent fellow and didn't regard it all as mere swank, he borrowed four times that number from the school library. Here, perhaps, it would not be amiss to give a list of class readings. They comprised about *eight* of Shakespeare's plays, a book of ballads (chiefly selections from Percy's *Relics*), stories from Greek mythology (Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales*), stories from Teutonic mythology (*The Children of Odin*), *The Beowulf*, Milton's *Sonnets* and *Lycidas*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustrum*, Gray's *Elegy*, Spenser's *Fairy Queen* (a prose adaptation of the first two books in the lower forms, the original in the higher forms), Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, Scott's *Marmion* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Goldsmith's *Traveller*, Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur*, *Gulliver's Travels*, More's *Utopia*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Froissart's *Chronicles* (selections), Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* (selections), Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, Lamb's *Essays of Elia*, Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*, Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*, Prescott's *Conquest of Peru*. This is almost a complete list, though there were two or three others which I cannot remember. It is, perhaps, needless to add that the books on mythology and folk-lore were among the first read, as these lay the foundation of a better literary appreciation. Although the meanings of difficult words were dwelt on, this side of the instruction was in no way abused, because children probably learn best by reading straight on, and acquire words through frequent contexts and their repeated applications. English grammar, too, was not neglected, though chiefly confined to the analysis of sentences.

Moreover, an anthology of English poems was used in each form, and the boys were familiarised with the best lyrics, the rule being that *ten to twenty lines* from these or the class readings should be *learnt by heart each week*, supplemented by additional repetition work during the holidays. An English composition was also exacted every week. Verse compositions, I would emphasise, were set as well as prose compositions—sometimes imitations of a special metre, such as the heroic couplet, Spenserian stanza, or blank verse, and at other times the free lyric. Now, I

discovered that it is quite natural for normally gifted children to write verse, and most of them made a fair show. Generally speaking, however, the lower down in the school they were, the better they did it, though we must except certain duffers of the bottom form. Some of these productions I have kept, but scores I have not kept. Very often the best work of the juniors was done in ballad metre, for the small boy quite unconsciously reproduces many of the idiosyncrasies of the ancient rustic minstrel. You have only to give him a subject, such as the German raid on Scarborough, and teach him not to count feet but to compose as the minstrels did on the principle of an equal number of strong stresses in alternate lines (four and then three), irrespective of the number of syllables, with one stress always in the final syllable, and you will wonder at the genuine nature of the result. In a single term with the two lowest forms, and in addition to other reading tasks, we worked through about thirty of the early ballads. These were boys of from nine to eleven years, and it was invigorating to see how they tumbled to an understanding of the rudimentary features, though the quaint spelling and queer words worried them sometimes. In an examination they were quite able to distinguish between the chief peculiarities of the ancient and modern ballads of *Chevy Chase*, though some of the more prosaic boys showed very bad taste in preferring the later version, because "it is easier for me to understand." In a middle form it proved an excellent exercise to turn passages of Froissart into ballad metre, for here you have the antique phraseology ready to hand. I would like to quote four stanzas from "A Ballad of Calais," which a boy of fourteen published in the school magazine:—

"Pray him of his nobility
To bid these torments cease;
Let us depart and let him keep
Our goods—so it be peace."

"Nay," quoth the King, "not so! let now
Six chief men of your town
Come in their shirts, ropes round their necks,
And the keys of the gates lay down."

"With them I'll deal as I may list
The others will I spare."
And so it was, and so they came
And knelt and made their prayer.

In anger on them frowned the King,
And ordered them to death;
But at his feet knelt down his Queen
And begged in whispering breath.

This is just half of it. It is a little starchy, perhaps, but not bad for a boy whose chief *forte* was games.

An upper third form (boys also of from nine to eleven) treated me to some very fair examples of the free lyric. Generally speaking, I gave them the subject; and the results being such that I credited them all with being plagiarists (by the aid of juvenile magazines), I proposed the next exercise should be done in class, and stood over them while they wrote. I was obliged after this to apologise for my suspicions. Here are two little poems from the smallest boy in the class, ten years of age, like so many of his companions, and evidently a budding Blake:—

HOLIDAYS.

Hurrah for the holidays,
For these are very jolly days!
We all do jump about and play,
While some do sing a roundelay.
Of all the times these are the best,
And grown-up folks do have a rest.

When do little children love to play?
Why! on a good holiday.
And they go walking in the fields
To gather flowers, leaves, and seeds,
Making chains of daisies and of clover;
These they find when they play with Rover.

In Winter they have snow fights,
Which makes their cheeks rosy and bright;
In Summer they play cricket,
With bat and ball and wicket.
And then you ask me why they like holidays.
Because they are such jolly days!

ARTHUR ARMITAGE.

A FEAST.

Here we are at the fair.
We must look round for feasts are rare.
Look at the cocks as they whirl around,
And look at the ball that does rebound.
Now we'll have a ride on the motor-cars,
And joyfully shout with many hurrahs.
We'll also throw at the cocoanuts,
But mind and avoid the engine ruts.
And now we'll go into the toy bazaar,
Yon little children will shout "Hurrah!"
And now we are at the end of the feast;
Here is a stall, last, but not least.

ARTHUR ARMITAGE.

Of course, more time was given to prose compositions, and the results sometimes were rather disheartening. Not many of them could write a letter decently, and I found that when I set such a theme as "How I Spent My Summer Holidays" or "My Visit to Leeds," the dullest, most confused stuff was often turned out. This inability to write a letter or record common daily impressions in simple nervous prose, to use skilfully one's own everyday idiomatic vocabulary, is universal, I suppose, and has become an inherited failing. I believe that the best way to combat it is to teach verse as a regular exercise; for verse is the father of prose, and really an easier and more primitive medium of expression than prose. Another deficiency I noticed was that as the boys advanced in years their reading seemed to go off. They did not patronise the library so much. It was generally the younger boys who came and asked for books like *The Defence of Guinevere*, and less frequently the youths of the top form. I suppose it was because there was no money in it, and as a distraction was not so amusing as the picture palace and the contortions of Charlie Chaplin. It lent to mere decoration, the frills and flounces of cerebral equipment, and was unfitting for the vigorous aggressions of a commercial life. I am certain that some parents discouraged reading as likely to medicine a bright mind into incurable languors.

But I ought not to conclude without mentioning the manner of the history teaching. The methods employed, I think, are little in vogue. In the lowest form of all no special period was taken, but, instead, the boys worked through a simply written book which gave a wide survey of the salient events in Greek, Roman, and more modern history. These were written in the manner of stories, and were to lay the foundation. As they advanced in the school and the bare elements of English history had been mastered, little pamphlets of original *documents* were put into their hands, and these they worked through with suitable exercises. The pamphlets I refer to are "Documents of British History," edited by M. W. Keating and N. L. Frazer. It is making history a live thing, and teaching the critical attitude to small people.

Best of all, we had not the games bugbear. One afternoon a week was set aside for organised football or

cricket, one afternoon for organised gymnastics, and the third afternoon, Saturday, was free for those who did not play in the matches or drill with the Scouts. After school hours the keen fellows went off to the practising fields for an hour or so, but this was rarely abused.

And what was the force of all this? The basis of teaching was scientific (taking the word in its narrower sense). The teaching of technical geography, mathematics, chemistry, nature study, etc., was the most thorough imaginable for a small school. And as only one language was learnt, the boys who matriculated for the Northern Universities were obliged to read for a B.Sc., or equivalent degree, if they thought of continuing. Let this be taken note of. And yet we have a school with a strong literary or humanistic side, because it was recognised by the Principal that physical science of itself has no soul, and the greater the range of vision the more complete the understanding. The school was to exist for the benefit of the English nation, and not for the benefit of a narrow commercial clique. And a nation which is merely rich and barren spirited, without wider sympathy, will one day totter into blundering catastrophe. The finger of History points the moral.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

THE autumn musical season enters with a kind of ritual, the order of which has in most of its details the sanction of established custom. Like most spectacular pageants, it opens with an orchestral introduction, by Sir Henry Wood at the Promenade Concerts. Then, in these later days, Sir Thomas Beecham satisfies our curiosity concerning additions to his repertory for the autumn. Meanwhile, the fashionable *virtuosi* who imagine that they have some part to play in musical progress announce an autumn recital, or a series of them if they are fashionable enough. At the same time the directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra are examining how many, and those of the London Symphony Orchestra how few, interesting novelties they can contrive to include in their winter programmes, and the Royal Philharmonic Society is keeping us as long as possible in suspense as to whether it will or will not have a season at all—though on that matter the doubts of a year ago have given way to some degree of confidence. All these decisions will be made known within a week or two, and the sequel rests with the public. During the last few seasons the attitude of the latter has assumed much greater interest than it possessed before the war. Then it was disposed to shut its eyes and open its ears indiscriminately to everything that more or less resembled music—a circumstance that the astute gentlemen who used to meet at the German Athenæum were not slow in turning to the advantage of the then dominant interest. An examination of its list of members would go a long way towards explaining the undoubted German bias of all our musical institutions in those days and the relative facility with which a German artist could make headway as compared with an equally or more talented executant from any other country, not to speak of our own. Let me cite a case in point. For some years we had a small boom of Elena Gerhardt. I am not denying that she was a good exponent of the German lied, inclined maybe to that excessive sentimentality which Heine

would have been the first to resent, but, on the whole, a singer whom one heard with enjoyment. During the same period we had two or three visits of Jane Bathori, the most highly gifted French exponent of the same form of art, musically far more intelligent than Gerhardt, with the additional advantage that the intelligence was her own. Bathori passed almost unnoticed, save by the few independent music-lovers who refused to have their opinion prepared for them by the gentlemen of the German Athenæum, and the Gerhardt boom continued unabated even when she began to deteriorate. It would not be difficult to recall many similar instances, and the case of the composer was the most flagrant of all. But signs of change were already apparent. I remember noting, for example, the curiously un-English gathering at the Music Club for the glorification of Richard Strauss on the eve of the outbreak of war, when the *clou* of the evening was the performance of his Violin Sonata by Lady Speyer, with the composer at the piano. The occasion of his presence in England was the production of that monumental piece of Teutonic vulgarity, "The Legend of Joseph," in itself almost a justification of war if one has imagination enough to realise what it stood for. No effort was spared to make the reception a success, but the abstentions from participating in it were eloquent. I had recently returned from Paris, where the tactlessness of the German visitors had had somewhat similar consequences, but the London phenomenon, I felt, had deeper causes, which foreshadowed the change that is taking place at present in our musical audiences. We are turning over the page, a little late maybe, but I trust with some decision.

The Anglicisation of opera as a rallying-point for our musical life has the great advantage that it appeals, or should appeal, to all classes alike. If the full measure of success is achieved for which the foundation has now been laid, opera will cease to be an aristocratic function in the stalls and an Italian *festa* in the gallery, and draw audiences representative of that new world to which we are all looking forward. It is, however, as Sir Thomas Beecham himself would doubtless admit, chiefly as a means to an end that the present state of development in that direction is of interest. Though excellently adapted, sung, and

staged, an opera like *Ivan the Terrible* or *Louise* necessarily retains its essential exotic quality, and, whilst such productions will, I hope, always be welcome among us, the time has come when we may speculate on the prospects of something indigenous. By that I do not mean merely an opera composed to an English libretto and signed by English names, but an evolution of the art of the lyric stage that will produce a new characteristic form. French art underwent a similar experience about the time of the *guerre des bouffons*, when a shrewd manager, Jean Monnet, and three composers, Philidor, Monsigny, and Dalayrac, created a lyric form which, in all essentials, remains to this very day a contribution to the art of the stage, much of whose excellence is derived from its wholly French character. Hitherto nothing of the kind has been possible in England, for our managers had no imagination, and the most competent of our English composers had never seen the business end of a theatre. All that is changed. We have a manager who is not only far-seeing, but a musical genius and an enthusiast to boot, doing by private enterprise what in most Continental countries demands the aid of subsidies from the State, and, by now, the clever young musicians who co-operate with him have learned something of the requirements of the lyric stage. Surely the time has come when we may, without Wellsian detachment, inquire what this is going to mean for us in a few years' time. Sir Thomas has told the Press that he has three or four English operas awaiting production, and there are probably quite as many more on his horizon. Is there among them all one work to which we may look forward as a potential landmark in the evolution of our lyric stage? By that I do not mean a work of stupendous merit. The landmarks from which important developments in musical history are dated are often themselves of debatable quality, surviving only because they contained the initial germ of great things to follow. Even when a failure, such a production is an outstanding event, and there is no reason why one should not be a success, until superseded by something better along the same channel of development. It would be interesting to know whether Sir Thomas is confident that the new audience his enterprise is creating can look forward to a correspondingly new art-form.

The Regiment

By Mrs. Borden Turner

THERE was no sign of horror in the heavens or upon the earth—the summer world was immense and beautiful. High white clouds were moving slowly toward Belgium, moving imperceptibly through a sky ineffably blue. Superb castles of white vapour, they floated above the modest borderland, and their shadows were flung like banners far below over the green fields.

An aeroplane was visiting the romantic city of the sky. Fearless, capricious, a gay, glittering creature of pleasure, it flew through the glistening portals of the clouds and disappeared, bent on mysterious adventure.

The smiling country was enjoying itself. The caress of the wind sent shudders of pleasure over the green corn and a fluttering delight through the trees. Along the road-banks scarlet poppies were winking their little black eyes. Like grizzled dwarfs squatting on pedestals in the fields, the windmills waved their arms in grotesque gaiety.

War had that day the aspect of a country fair. The armies were gipsy caravans vagabonding over the country. Swarms of little men were housekeeping in the open. Their camp-fires, their pots and pans and their garments hung out to dry on bushes, twinkled and fluttered through the furbelowed countryside. Here and there, near a stream, a cluster of tents, strangely painted, suggested a circus.

Tranquil, complacent, the snug villages sheltered innumerable soldiers under the warm cover of their cottages.

Ten miles from the Belgian frontier the low-browed, moody town of B—— dozed on the bank of a canal. Folded close between its great gates, it was a deep centre of proud emotion in the midst of a shallow country. The pale yellow façades of the houses glowed in the sunlight, their shutters closed. The barges on the canal were motionless, their great bodies sunk deep in the cool water, and

from the quiet streets and from the close-lidded houses a spirit seemed to be distilled in the sunlight. It was as though the sun were drawing up out of the tired bosom of the old town the aroma of its dreams and its secrets. This aroma had a peculiar quality suggestive of the troublous history of the place that had guarded a passionate egoism on the threshold of an alien nation.

A regiment was marching along the high road toward the town. It appeared in the distance, a shadow moving across the bright country.

On nearer view it became a column of hunchbacks, a herd of deformed creatures driven together, each one like another one.

The regiment was the —th Territorial Regiment. It had come out of the trenches that morning, and from the trenches it was marching toward the town.

It was a moving mass of men covered over with the cloth of fatigue. Fatigue was flung over the men of the regiment like a stained cloth. Over them was their suffocating weariness, and under them was the dust of that road, and they moved along, bending forward as if the space between the weight that lay on them and the dusty road under them was not wide enough to hold them upright.

They moved laboriously through the dust, as if they were dragging chains, but there was no sound from them save the dull sound of their feet tramping the road.

The regiment was a regiment of old men. Not one among them all was a young man. Their faces were old and their clothes were old and their bodies were old, and the spirit in them was old. There was no youth in any one of them.

They marched steadily along the road. Their gait was the steady jolting gait of weary animals. They did not look quite like men. One could not be certain what kind of men they were. One could only be certain that they were not young. They had not quite the colour nor the shape of men. The war had spread over them its own colour. They were dark against the bright mirage of summer that coloured the fields about them. They were of a deep, dull, courageous colour. Their faces and their hands and their coats were all stained the same colour. No longer blue, no longer brown. Fatigue and suffering and

dirt had soaked through them and had made them this colour.

And they were all deformed, and certainly their deformity was the deformity of the war. They were not misshapen in different ways. They were all misshapen in the same way. Each one was deformed like the next one. Each one had been twisted and bent in the same way. Each one carried the same burden that bowed his back—the same knapsack, the same roll of blanket, the same flask, the same dangling box, the same gun. Each one dragged swollen feet in the same thick crusted boots. The same machine had twisted and bent them all. They did not look quite like men, and yet they were men.

They did not behave like men. They did not look about them as they marched along the road. They did not talk as they marched close together. They did not stop marching, never for a moment did they stop marching. They did not shift their burdens to ease them. They did not notice the milestones as they passed. They paid no attention to the signposts at the cross-roads. They did not wipe the sweat off their faces. They did not behave like men walking through pleasant country, and yet they assuredly were men.

One saw in their eyes that they were men. They marched with their eyes fixed on the rough bent backs of those in front, on the rough backs of their companions who were too old to be comrades; and in their deep, fixed eyes, sunken under grizzled eyebrows, there was a strange expression—the expression of profound knowledge. They were old men—and they knew. There were many things they did not know; they did not know where they were going; they did not know why they were going there; they did not know how far they had to go, or how long they would rest there; but one thing they did know: they knew that they were condemned to die. They knew; they had always known; they understood; they did not complain. Their country was at war. They were old men. Their sons had been killed. They were taking the place of their sons.

There was no elasticity in them, nor any enthusiasm, nor any passion, but there was patience in them. They were old men. There was nothing they could not accept. There was nothing they could not endure. They had

endured fatigue and cold and hunger and wet. They had endured so long that they had ceased to think about these things. Their weariness was a thing of such long standing that they thought of it no more. Their uncleanness had become a habit to them. Suffering was a part of their rations. They were acclimatised to misery. Death was a part of the equipment they carried always with them. The war had no interest for them, nor any terror. They accepted the war. It was a thing to be endured. They were enduring it.

There was only one thing they wanted, and this thing they wanted without hope: they wanted to go home—and they knew they were not going home.

They were old men. Out of the deep comfort of the warm, dear holes they had dug for themselves in the land they had been called to the war—to war, the bleak desert of death. Each one had been torn up out of the deep place he had made. Like old trees deep-rooted, they had grown into the soil of France and they had been torn up and carted away to die, and in the place each one had left was a gaping hole.

They remembered their homes as they marched along the road. They did not look about them as they walked through the bright country that was enjoying itself. This country was not their home. For not one of them was this a home—and they were tired.

They were coming away from the trenches, and they were tired. They were relieved of the strain of imminent death, but the relief made them only more tired. They were coming away from the trenches, but they were not going home. Six months ago they had gone into the trenches. They had crawled laboriously into their trenches, their old bodies creaking, their gouty souls wincing, and they had learned how to live in those ditches. Carefully, with great caution, they had learned how to endure them. They had smoked there innumerable pipes. They had chewed loaves of bread there. They had slept in the mud there, and they had received letters there from home. Now, with the same creaking of their joints, they had come out of the trenches. Some of them had not come out, but those that were left had come out.

Now they were going along the road.

They did not know where they were going. They only knew that they were not going home. It was all the same to them as long as they could not go home.

They marched along the road; they were patient and lonely and tired.

The aeroplane, glittering in the sun, was still circling through the citadel of the sky. High it flew—it flew high—it flew high again, and still high.

The regiment was chained to the earth. The men were chained to the ground. They were heavy, they were fastened down. The mass of them jolted along, a dark weight scraping the road. Their flag alone was lifted. It moved, fluttering above their heads. Tattered and soiled, it was there for an emblem of hope. They ignored it. They did not see it. Long ago they had ceased to regard it.

So they marched toward the town.

In the centre of the big sleepy square of the town was a group of fine little men in costume. They were waiting for the regiment that was marching along the road, and they were waiting for the General who commanded the army, the General-in-Chief, their own General. These fine little men were officers. One could not be certain that they had anything to do with the war, but one could be certain that they were officers. Their trim figures, polished and clean and neatly put together, and nicely covered in scarlet and blue cloth and brown leather, stood upright in the centre of the square. The great expanse of cobblestones on which they stood glistened like a vast sheet of opaque glass. From the four sides of the square the wise houses watched under ruminating, secretive brows. It was difficult to tell what the houses thought of the fine officers in the square. It was difficult to tell what the officers were doing there in the middle of the square. Certainly they were waiting, but they seemed to be busily, nervously waiting. They did not keep still. They seemed conscious of the stare of the houses. They drew themselves up very straight. Their arms made quick gestures. Their gloved hands twirled their moustaches. Their neat heels tapped the pavement smartly. They bowed to one another elaborately.

There was elaborate variety in the officers. No one was like another one. Not one had the gestures like

another one. Not one had clothes like another one. Certainly they were individuals. In spite of the war they were individuals. One was a slim, graceful one; one was a flabby one; one was an elegant one; one was a tall, very stiff one; one was a pot-bellied one. No one was like another one. Each one remained the same one that he had been before the war. It seemed that they had varnished themselves over with varnish for the war, but beneath the varnish of each one appeared very clearly the real one that he was. It was curious to see such fine shiny men in the centre of the old haggard town.

The wide white palm of the square held them up like insects to the view of the sky.

Through the eastern gate of the town the regiment came dragging its weight and its darkness, and it poured its darkness into the light of the square. It filled all one side of the square. It poured through the gap of the street into the square, and it came to a stand there, silent, filling one-half of the square with its darkness and its weariness, and it remained there. It was a dark mass of tenacity, inert, incurious, obstinate, one man beside another man, each one like the next one, close packed together, between the pale, dreaming houses.

The regiment brought truth into the square. It was a fact, a darkness, a weight filling one side of the square.

And with the regiment war appeared in the square.

The town shuddered under the tramping feet of the regiment.

The regiment stood in the square with fixed bayonets. The men stood close packed together. The mass of their round metal helmets gleamed like a beach of smooth pebbles before the windows of the houses, and their bayonets shot up like a forest of knives flashing in the sunlight.

The town shuddered, but there was sympathy between the regiment and the town.

The town said to the regiment:

"You are strangers, but we know you; you come from the war. You are welcome."

The regiment said to the town:

"We have left our homes. You are kind, but we cannot stay here."

The group of officers said to the regiment:

"You are soldiers. You are to be inspected by the General. We are officers. We shall receive decorations."

The regiment said nothing to the group of officers, and the officers were embarrassed by the weariness of the regiment. They fidgeted on the edge of its darkness.

While the regiment and the officers waited for the General, the aeroplane whirled down from the clouds and circled over the town, mocking the heaviness of the regiment. The aeroplane called:

"Look at me—look at me! I can fly. I am never tired."

The officers looked up at the aeroplane. The regiment did not look up.

The officers said to themselves:

"The silly aeroplane is having a good time, but we are going to receive decorations and honours."

The regiment remained silent.

A bugle sounded, heralding the approach of the General, but instead of the General a woman came into the square. She came, languidly lying back in a motor with glass windows. Her shining car stopped in front of the regiment. She opened the door of the motor and put out her white foot and stepped down, and her frail, fraudulent body in the white costume of a nurse was exposed to the view of the officers and the regiment. Her head was bound close with a white kerchief like the *coif* of a nun. A red cross burned on her forehead.

She was a passionate goddess dressed as a nun. She was a white, beautiful fraud branded with a red cross Her shadowed eyes said to the regiment:

"I came to the war to care for your wounds."

But the regiment said:

"You are lying!"

Her red mouth said to the officers:

"I am here for you."

And the officers said:

"We know why you are here."

The eyes of the officers followed the shining woman as she moved through the sunlight, and they rested on her as she stood in a shadowed doorway.

The presence of the woman was like a trembling current of delight reaching to the officers.

To the regiment the woman was nothing but a lie, and the regiment was indifferent to her lie.

To the town she was a strange thing, as fantastic as a white peacock.

The town said to itself: "This curious creature has gone astray. It has the appearance of being expensive. It must have escaped from its owner, who no doubt prizes it highly; but that is none of our business."

So the woman, too, waited for the coming of the General.

The clock in the church tower marked three o'clock.

Suddenly a cry burst from the heart of the regiment. A song, a shout burst from the trumpets and horns and drums of the regiment. It rang through the square shivering into the houses. The little people of the town came to the doorways, the rosy faces of the comfortable women and the round children spread about the square like a smile, and the hoarse, passionate voice of the rustry regiment rose bravely in welcome.

The General came.

He appeared at the far end of the square, a tall figure in red and black, standing alone. He existed apart, isolated. He stood at a distance, a solitary man, concentrating the attention of the town.

He came across the square alone. He walked swiftly, his spare figure slanting forward, his shoulders bent a little. He covered the ground with long strides. His gloved hand was on the hilt of his sword. As he came he held in suspense all the people in the square. His will commanded the attention of every man in the square.

The General brought romance into the square. He carried grandeur and pride into the square, and his grandeur and his pride were the grandeur and pride of a man who knew the war. It was clear that he knew the darkness of the war. In the slender sheath of his body he concentrated the darkness that was the same darkness drowning the regiment. He held the darkness of the regiment in himself as a sword-sheath holds a sword, and in him the darkness was grandeur because he understood the darkness.

It was clear that the General understood the despair of the regiment. He stood and surveyed it. The trumpets and drums were silent. A great silence filled the square. The General summoned the regiment to meet his eyes. He took full in the face the meaning of the regiment, and its weight fell upon him and the pathos of its weariness reached him. He did not bend under the weight of the regiment. He challenged it, and he commanded the challenge of the men of the regiment. He stood rigid before the eyes of his men. The eyes of his men were fixed on his white head and on his proud face. They searched him. They read him. He exposed himself to their eyes. He was not afraid of the judgment of his men.

The General awoke pride in the weary old heart of the regiment. He proclaimed to them the dignity of war. And he put his will upon them.

The General said to the regiment:

"You are mine—I know you. I carry the weight of your obedience to me, and you are mine for the war."

The regiment said to the General:

"We have left our homes; we are here to protect our homes. You are the one we obey."

Truth was between the regiment and the General.

The town looked down at the General, and it said:

"Clearly this man is a great man; we are certain this man is a great man. A hundred years ago there came here such a one as this one, and he was a great man. We are acquainted with war. We have seen thousands of little men, and we have seen some big men. We know that this is a great man."

From the regiment the General turned to the officers. One perceived that the relation of the General to his officers was a complex thing. The officers were gentlemen and the General was a gentleman; therefore the relation of the General to his officers was a complicated thing. Each officer had a name. Each officer had an individuality. Not one had allowed the war to obliterate him. The General was very courteous with the officers. He treated the officers with elaborate ceremony. He was there to decorate them. The decorating of the officers was a ceremony, and he performed the ceremony with the skill of a great actor.

The decorating of the officers was a pretty play in which the General played the principal *rôle*. The General played his part with solemnity. Each one he saluted in turn, the long one, and the pale one, and the pot-bellied one. He drew his sword from his hip. It flashed in the sun as he laid it upon their shoulders. On the left shoulder and on the right shoulder of the Colonel he laid his sword. He pinned a medal on the Colonel's elegant chest, and then he kissed him on the left cheek and on the right cheek. He did the same with each officer in turn. He called each one by name and addressed him in a loud voice of commendation. He laid on each one his sword and he kissed each one on both cheeks, and on the chest of each one he left a bit of ribbon and a bright medal.

The regiment in the background was the chorus for this pretty play. After each kiss and each decoration the trumpets and drums of the regiment cried aloud in congratulation.

Kisses and bits of ribbon and a graceful, flashing sword—these little things passed between the General and his officers. No truth passed between them—nothing but a play.

And the play was ended.

And the General went away as he had come, and he took with him the romance that he had brought into the square.

The face of the town grew dull as it watched him go. The women and the children disappeared into the dim houses.

The white, strange woman watched him go, and she smiled a vaguely troubled smile, not noticing the officers, who stared complacent and courteous.

But the regiment lowered its bayonets at the going of the General, and its darkness grew more dark and its heaviness more heavy. It became a shapeless mass of darkness after the going of the General.

The clock in the church tower marked five o'clock, and the blue sky was cloudless when the regiment marched out of the square. It marched through the town and along the road as it had come. It dragged its weight and its darkness through the bright country. It was a moving mass of men covered over with the cloth of fatigue. Fatigue

was flung over them like a suffocating cloth. The men marched laboriously, bending forward as if the space between the weight that was on top of them and the hard road underneath them was not wide enough to hold them upright.

They were a regiment of old men.

They did not know where they were going. It did not matter to them where they were going. They did not look about them as they marched. They did not look before them, nor behind them. They did not look up at the cloudless sky, nor did they wonder where the clouds had gone. They did not remember the beautiful clouds of the morning that had sailed serenely over the enemy's country. They did not remember the sympathy of the town, nor the complacency of that fine little group of officers, nor the glittering of the bright medals, nor the insolence of the white woman who watched. They did not very much remember the grandeur of the General, nor the pride they had known in the General. They remembered their homes. The sweat ran down their faces under their helmets. Their feet were heavy on the road. They marched steadily, jolting, gentle, weary animals who remembered their homes.

There was no sign of horror upon the earth. The sky was cloudless. The afternoon sunlight was golden over the land, and the regiment passed like a shadow through the bright country.

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

Do we want a Politicians' Peace?

By Austin Harrison

ONCE more October is upon us, thus bringing to a close from the strategic standpoint the fourth campaign of the great war. The year opened with two resonant prophecies. Mr. Lloyd George, flushed with the success of his new War Administration, told us to expect a "knock-out." Our Commander-in-Chief re-echoed the words in still more positive fashion, announcing solemnly that he would "break" the German lines in two places. Nothing approaching those prophecies has been achieved, yet still Mr. George is Prime Minister; nor has there been any change in the Chief Command. And so the terrible fighting of 1917 is coming to an end. But clearly the end of the war is not yet. It requires little imagination to see that the "Publicity" Department is at work, preparing Democracy for another winter in anticipation of the fifth summer campaign. In a word, the war goes on. The next phase of the war, we are told, will be in the air.

Militarily, not much publicly can be said. I can only repeat what I wrote in this REVIEW after the failure of the spring offensive: "On purely military grounds the general situation remains much as it was after the battle of the Marne in varying degrees of positional warfare on the main strategic fronts, and, but for the destruction of several little peoples who have been dragged into the struggle, almost as stationary. It was thought that the secret of positional or trench war had been found in an overwhelming big-gun superiority, but already we know that the big gun is *not the decisive factor*, because the big gun itself is positional, whereas the *essence of strategy is mobility*." Thus only tactical gains have been registered, brilliant in the extreme. It is a war of attrition. We have obtained certain

highly important points of vantage; the French have won a notable victory at Verdun; many Germans have been killed. In Macedonia there is nothing to report; on the other hand, Bagdad has been captured and the Italians have pushed forward in the eleventh Isonzo battle. The Eastern front has suffered a serious deflection, for Riga has fallen and the southern lines have been widened in Germany's favour. For the rest, the submarine warfare continues, with what real results we are not allowed to know. The Germans claim a total of 800,000 tons of shipping sunk monthly since February. Mr. Lloyd George gives us to understand that this is a gross exaggeration. All that we know is that Lord Northcliffe's organs reflect dissatisfaction with our official returns.

We have, then, to face the truth that the campaign of 1917 has been disappointing, judged from the standards announced in advance by the Government. Those who read this REVIEW, however, will not be disappointed. When the German retirement became known, we said that it would upset the Allied plans and largely neutralise the effects of the year's fighting; and so it has proved. The new German mobile defence has again demonstrated the terrific power of the machine-gun defensive, now once more the problem of the offensive. Another element of the problem is the "prepared" battlefield and the conditions of any battlefield subjected to the intense bombardment which precedes an attack. Static trench war has led to mobile trench war, coupled with swift reserve counter-attacks; in short, the problem is mobility, which is the crowning lesson of the year's fighting.

The great event of the year—and, indeed, of the war—has been the Russian Revolution, destined without any doubt to be as important a landmark in the history of Europe as the French Revolution over a century ago. Unfortunately, our rulers have failed to grasp the significance to humanity of an unbound Russia, and to this fact must in part be attributed the immense difficulties to-day facing so organic a discord as All the Russias struggling in war for freedom.

Military considerations seem to have rendered our rulers purblind. We have shown no vision; we have given Russia no inspiration. It seems to be an accepted fact that we fell into the treachery engineered by Rasputin, Stürmer, and the German Tsaritsa to force Roumania into the war, and so by sacrificing that country to compel Russia to a separate peace. The letter read out in the House of Commons by Mr. John Dillon shows our diplomacy to have been hoodwinked; reveals the sinister stupidity of our policy which lured Roumania into war, and consequently to her ruin. But our Russian policy has shown no enlightenment even since that disclosure. The other day Mr. Henderson was "jockeyed" out of the Government because he insisted upon telling his fellow-workmen that the Russians desired a Stockholm Conference. Yesterday we saw the collapse of General Korniloff's attempt at counter-revolution, supported by our leading newspaper. The Ambassadors of the Allies have had to issue something in the nature of an apology in explanation of their attitude towards the Korniloff rising. The "offer" of mediation, as it has been termed, has not been made public, and so once more we find the evil system of secret diplomacy to-day denounced by the Democratic Russian Press, thereby further discrediting the purity of our motives, thereby further compromising the sacredness of our cause before the Democracies of the world. We cannot shut our eyes to this last exposure of diplomacy. For Kerensky has won, and Kerensky is the outstanding figure to-day in Europe.

Our mistakes towards Russia proceed logically from the military conditions, and in this sense they are intelligible. But to-day mere opportunism is not sufficient. Failure to understand and support the movement which has liberated Russia from the darkness of Feudalism spells ultimate failure to our cause, and that no matter what physical victories condition the terms of peace in the New Europe that will assuredly arise out of the shambles and sacrifice of this struggle. Now what we have not realised is simply this: that the Russian revolutionary forces are to-day the *de facto* power of Russia, and that

the Russians * desire an early peace. It is no good pretending that this is merely the desire of the German element in Russia; it is not. Korniloff failed because revolutionary Russia will not again be subjected to Cossack rule, because revolutionary Russia has her own salvation to win to. Revolutions follow a natural law of evolution. In Russia events are shaping on curiously similar lines to those which marked the development of the French Revolution, and the more we attempt to force the Russians to fight without a clear statement of our aims and policies, the further we are driving the revolutionary forces into extremism.

The bloodless collapse of General Korniloff's attempt to capture the Executive shows that the Soldiers' and Workers' Councils control the situation. As a result of the complicity of the Duma and certain *bourgeois* elements we must expect a more consolidated Democratic Russia, leaning more and more for support on the Left, thereby forcing Kerensky's hand. Months ago in this REVIEW I attempted to warn our Government of the danger of interference in the domestic affairs of Russia in revolution, but, of course, no heed was taken. Instead of being represented in Russia by the finest Democrat we possess, we discredit the only people's representative we did deign to send to Russia, retaining Sir George Buchanan there, who was associated with the ghastly Roumanian tragedy. We do not appear to understand that Russia must work out her own Democratic destiny, and that interference only makes the task of Kerensky more complex and dangerous, also that if we persist in this policy we shall force Russia into an attitude positively antagonistic to the Entente cause, which during the long winter months may assume a character of compelling significance not only as regards the cause, but as regards our whole chances of military success next year.

This must be stated. Instead of helping Russia to overcome her difficulties, we have alienated Russia. We have seen only military exigencies. We have ignored her

* We do not seem to realise that the Russian Socialists represent the culture and intelligence of Russia, and that, if the literate portion of Russia is 30 per cent., 20 per cent. of that 30 are Socialists.

formula; we have expressed sympathy with the counter-revolution of a Cossack general *; we have roused serious antagonism and distrust among the nation we should have been the first to sympathise with and applaud, with the net result that M. Thomas is compelled to keep aloof from the new French Government, and that our own Labour War Cabinet Minister is treated like a naughty boy for attempting to explain the Russian position.

Yet in reality Kerensky's victory is the greatest victory won in the war. We must not overstep the limits of paradox even in this convulsion of human paradoxes. We entered upon the war with the Tsar as our good friend. To-day Tsardom is gone—gone for ever. If we are fighting for Democracy, then henceforth Democracy must be our friend, not a Cossack general seeking to arrogate to himself a military dictatorship. For in Russia we have the supreme attestation of the justice of our cause. Spiritually, Kerensky is the leader in this world tragedy. The emancipation of Russia decreed the knell of Feudalism and of the old servile Europe, and if by any act of ours we defeat the rising light of Russian liberation, all that we have fought for will be in vain. If Korniloff had won temporary success there would have been civil war in Russia, and we would have been abettors in the cause of evil. But that danger has passed. Russia will emerge from the attempt more compact, more Democratic. It is her only way, for the alternative implies the return to servitude or Tsardom. What bearing the now inevitable evolution of events may have upon the war it is impossible to say. But of this we may be certain, the Russian desire for peace will grow and influence Kerensky's policy. He may find himself yet forced to choose between the Allied cause and his own people. And if we fail to help him we need have no doubt as to his choice.

The fighting year 1917, therefore, closes with the return of the mud and the home propaganda for the prospects of next summer, conditioned henceforth absolutely by America. It is a dog-fight, men say. The war must go

* Korniloff announced the fall of Riga before the Germans attacked. It seems difficult to believe that its fall was not part and parcel of his plot.

on until the Germans are beaten. Such is the position, yet still we await the promised statement of war aims, and still the Democracies cry out for some reasoned assurance of the objective, assuming that we have one other than that of physical victory as understood by Mr. George's "knock-out." The only objective we know is that suggested in Sir E. Carson's reference to the Rhine as Germany's "natural boundary." On the other hand, we have Mr. Wilson declaring that he is not making war against the German people, but against the Hohenzollerns and the military caste. And again we have the Russian formula "no annexations and no indemnities," thereby denouncing the agreement come to with Tsarist Russia. We find also the Pope seeking for a peace formula. We see the Entente Democracies groping for a formula. There are signs that Germany is anxiously seeking a formula in her answer to the Papal Note.

Nothing would be easier than to join in the propaganda chorus and—talk Kadaver. But at this juncture it seems to me that the least a man can do who is not fighting is to try and think for the soldiers. For fifteen years before the war I did what I could to warn Britain of the inevitable coming war, and consequently of her responsibilities towards France in particular and towards her own civilisation. No Minister paid the slightest attention, least of all Sir E. Carson, who up to the hour of the German ultimatum was chiefly concerned in provoking an Irish rebellion contrary to the Home Rule Bill passed and placed on the Statute-book. For two and a half years I sought to make my countrymen realise that we were in deadly peril; that only by fighting at full strength could we hope to repel the German invasion; that only through conscription could we achieve the moral victory for which, with the superb impersonal gesture of our race, we took up arms. Our sacrifice has not been in vain. Little by little we roused ourselves from our insular slumber until to-day we may truly say that we are a nation in arms, defenders of the rights of peoples. We have asserted our moral right. The German invasion is spent. Pan-Germanism was defeated at the Marne. To-day we know that Might will not triumph, that the German idea to impose her hegemony of force upon

Europe will not be accepted by the nations, and in this purpose we must prevail. But a wonderful thing has happened since 1914, opening out undreamt vistas of hope, paving the way for the new affirmation of peoples—the freedom of Russia.

From the hour of the Russian Revolution the whole nature of the war changed. The free Russia left the Kaiser alone in his feudal estate, the last of the Imperial sociocracies. To-day he fights for the past. His idea will no more be the idea of Kings and Governments, and the hour that the Germans realise that fact the cause of Europe will have been won. I think that cause is already won. I believe myself that the Germans themselves have come to see the futility of war, the hopelessness of trying to set back the clock of history. I believe, therefore, that the Democracies of the world should use the winter months to formulate a new charter of international rights and liberties, based upon the new laws and ethics which must condition the Europe that is to be. But how? How are we to know what is just or right?

At present we have still the old machinery of old Europe. The old diplomatists still ply their secret trade, unknown to the nations they are supposed to represent, as we have seen only too disastrously in the case of the Korniloff rising. Literally we possess no new methods to meet the admittedly new conditions. The atmosphere is the same. The attitude is the same. All the machinery is the same.

That is the tragedy of the present situation. We are told that this is a Democratic war, yet we find our representatives opposing Democratic Russia. Our own Government to-day is not even elected; it is self-elected. No man knows why any one member happens to be a member of it. This kind of Government may serve for war, but how is such a scratch Government to decide on the complex problems of all Europe, problems which have defied the centuries, problems of race, religion, and dynasty, which few, if any of them, have ever considered historically or ethnographically? Among other cries we have said that the peoples must settle this account. No doubt a true

Democratic peace would be the ideal issue; it is not improbable that such may ultimately be the issue if the war lasts long enough, say into next winter, and the breaking-point of common endurance is reached. But that is presumably a long way off. The only alternative is the usual politicians' peace, which is the one thing we have all agreed must not be the case. Yet as things are, this would seem inevitable. If, next year or the year after, peace can be imposed, it is the politicians who will define the conditions. As politicians, they will think as politicians. They still act as politicians, in the old sense. Mr. Lloyd George's "knock-out" proves that he has learnt nothing. Unless we can obtain a new attitude the war will be decided in the old attitude—the attitude of the old diplomacy or power, which is the error we all declare we are fighting to remove; and if conditions are ever imposed upon Germany leaving her with a racial sore, then she will live to fight the battle again, as certainly as Prussia rose after Jena to fight at Waterloo, or France has risen to defend her soil to-day after the crushing victory of Wellington.

What is certain in this world is that nations cannot be destroyed. We cannot destroy Germany unless we sterilise the male population. Nor need we waste our time discussing Leagues of Nations or any other form of a millennium if Germany is crippled in a degrading peace. These contingencies must be faced. If, for example, Alsace-Lorraine is ultimately handed over to France, we shall have to maintain conscription and probably an army of at least 500,000 men permanently in France ready for all emergencies. It is no good shirking that responsibility. For years after the war France will not have the men to defend herself against an enraged Germany. For we cannot count on the present Entente group of alliances as a permanency. There are no permanent conditions in life. Therefore, if force alone decides the issue, the future will be conditioned by force with all the cost of armaments precisely as before the war, and all the old intrigues and base diplomatic struggle for power which led Europe logically and inevitably into Armageddon.

I only mention this as an example. There are other problems infinitely more complex. There is the question

of Austria. Is it seriously intended to set up a number of small separate nationalities unable to defend themselves? There is Italian Imperialism. Mr. George has apparently earmarked Mesopotamia as ours, and so on. But on what principle are these things to be decided? Who is to decide? And how is it to be explained that such changes brought about by force differ from any other policy of force, or are likely to be any more permanent than are the physical things of this world? Alone, Russia has enunciated a modern note. She has repudiated annexation—Imperialism. But if Imperialistic motives are to decide the war, then the Kaiser is not so far wrong after all in his doctrine of the mailed fist. For the whole idea of Imperialism is to-day at stake. The problem of modern civilisation is one largely of population. It is the Japanese problem. She must expand. Unless we kill all the Germans, it will again be the German problem in twenty years. Who is to decide these questions which involve the hecatombs of peoples? The politicians! Is the war to continue indefinitely until the politicians who rule us to-day agree among themselves how much they want or not? Is this the chance for which we are fighting? I ask, because I do not know. I have no conception of what our aims are. I only know that we are heading straight for a politicians' peace. I only know that such a peace will inevitably lead to another great war.

Now what is the root issue of this conflict already reputed to have killed and injured forty million men, a conflict in which four fighting years have brought no decisions or any immediate likelihood of decisions in the old military sense? Is Old Europe bleeding for a New Europe? Are we fighting really for any other purpose than that of power; and, if so, what is that purpose?

I confess that before the Russian Revolution I saw no other prospect than that of defeating the German military ambition according to the law of self-preservation, commonly known as the European balance of power. But with a Russia free, actually leading the new thought of that sterner and more enlightened civilisation, taken as a European whole, that will emerge out of the hell of these years of war, the idea or ideal of a nobler Europe clearly

beckons to us from the battlefield, pointing, as it were, the dawn. To attempt now to depict the nature of this new era would be presumptuous, but most men will agree that at least war has proved its own negation, and that at last something must be done to rid mankind of the old feudal trappings, to render a repetition of the scientific insanity of the last four summers impossible—in a word, to try and obtain a new orientation.

At once we are faced with a paradox, for even as we declare the war is being fought for Nationality—for the small peoples, for the revival and reconstitution of submerged, coerced, and expropriated nations—the blast of men's thoughts goes towards Internationalism. This is centralised in the Russian movement of liberation, in the recrudescence of democratic internationalism, in Mr. Wilson's war mandate, in what is as yet only the nebulosity of a League of Nations. And here a great difficulty arises. Nationality implies patriotism, the flag, the drum, and so the struggle for the possession and retention of national demarcations. I cannot believe that any attempt to abolish war has the smallest chance of success in a system of nationalities unless controlled and prescribed within some accepted code of Internationalism; and if the purpose of this war is to set up a number of small independent States, each self-contained, each with its flag and crown and potential unit of patriotism, then the notion that this war will end war is an idle dream, and with it must fall any scheme of a League of Nations not sanctioned and governed by the whole.

All the same, this straining for a new orientation is the root issue of the war. Every man at the Front who returns will desire and work passionately for this end. No living soul who has been through these years of hideous filth and frenzy will go back to the old ruck of secret diplomacy or the old shibboleths of martial glory. There is no glory in modern war. Those who sit in their chairs in smug security, the old gentlemen who can think only in terms of Waterloo, and those who have escaped service and have never seen the degradation and blood stench of war, they need not trouble about the results of Armageddon. The men who have been "over the top" will see to that, here

and everywhere in Europe. These men will return to their lands full men: our masters. They will want lamp-posts. They surely will have something to say about war.

At once then we are faced with the paradox of Internationalism *versus* Nationality, for the former is peaceful because cosmopolitan in its conception, whereas the latter is necessarily constricted and inflammable. So long as men honour flags, precisely so long will war be with men. Increase the number of nationalities, and automatically the danger spots of war are increased. Increase the race divisions, and inevitably the war potentials are raised. For Nationality is really only interest. Interests are passions, above creeds and reason; they become only too lightly ambitions, and from ambitions madness. From Nationality we spring to Empire, which is only a wider national interest. And so the clash of Europe came about through the challenge of Pan-German Imperialism, with its intent to superimpose Germanic Kultur upon Europe.

The problem is: Can we escape from this feudal heritage? Can we devise a formula for Nationality which shall not seek to grow into Empire, which eventually will not seek to destroy some other Empire or group of Imperial associations? This question brings us immediately to the solution of force. Here at least the issue is clear. It is this: Do we in this war aim at a European concord which is a new conception of statesmanship, or do we desire to end the war in a European disparity or discord compelled by force, which is the old way of statesmen, and, it may be, the only way? That is the problem. I cannot believe that any sane man can hesitate about his answer. The new way is a point of correction, the other is the old incorrigible way. Again, the former holds out at least promise of human progress, the latter merely endorses the German attitude towards life or philosophy of force.

As before said, without a free Russia the old way was the only solution to the present war, but with an unbound Russia the new way lies before us. It may be summed up as opportunity. In America the Democratic chance is the supreme gift of the New World. The question to-day before us is whether Europe can discover a formula of

European opportunity instead of the old arbitrary barriers of princely, autocratic, military, and ecclesiastical hegemonies, sedulously guarded by hate and superstition, geographical nurseries of feud and greed, which have made Europe for centuries an armed camp. To put it succinctly, we must now make up our minds on what principle, if any, we are to bring this savagery of slaughter to an end, unless civilisation is to admit to moral bankruptcy and the dog-fight of to-day is to degenerate into the drama of comic opera or the evisceration of universal social revolution.

The latter might be a good way, but I do not look forward to it, because it would signify a European lack of intelligence amounting to pure fatalism. I am not thinking sentimentally. If our cause is just, then far better that we fight on for another five years than yield a point on any ground of scruple or unconsidered principle; but if we cannot define so much as the principle in view, then far better that we do not fight for another five minutes. Now here, I repeat, we do not know. Even our physical aims are undefined. At this moment we cannot tell whether those few men who direct our fortunes are even agreed among themselves: either precisely what they want, or what irreducible principle of reason or statesmanship they are resolved to win to. Far less do we know how the extraordinary complex problems involved are to be settled. We do not even know whether Germany is to be driven back across the Rhine or not; whether she is to be crippled or strangled; whether our intention is to break up the Austrian Empire and restore the Europe of the days of Metternich. We do not in the least know whether our rulers have any idea of a New Europe: whether they wish to settle the war on a principle of population or language, race or creed. We know nothing, though forty million men are said to be casualties, and still no wisdom percolates through to the millions behind higher than the ululation of a cock-fight.

How is this world-drama to end? Will the Americans next summer be a decisive factor? I cannot think so, seeing the immense difficulties of transport involved, coupled with the prospects of a defaulting Russia. Will the end then come in two years' time, in three years?

Again, the end towards what? What is to be the principle of New Europe? At present we have no idea.

In the August issue of this REVIEW an article was published called "An International Magna Charta." It appeared anonymously, but it was the work of various minds ranging from Japan to Scotland, and in it the attempt was made to outline a principle of National and International Rights embodied in a World Charter of Liberties to be used as an instrument of war, if need be, and subsequently as an expression of peace. Readers will find the article republished in this number. The chief point about it is principle. Nations have their national charters; there should be no reason why nations should not aspire to an International Charter. So far all men will understand; the difficulty, of course, lies in the machinery.

Here a new principle is put forward. It is the principle of impersonal intelligence. That is to say, the Tribunals which the article suggests each Power should set up are not to be composed of politicians, but of carefully chosen men and women whose business it would be to decide, as far as humanly possible, on the merits of each case on certain definite principles of progressive justice. The advantage of such a procedure would be to internationalise the acuter forms of Nationalism within and without Empires, thus such questions as Alsace-Lorraine, Ireland, Poland, the Balkan maze, Armenia, etc., etc., and all these Tribunals would be linked up by cable, and all would seek to arrive at a definite accepted principle of Right applicable to all national and international problems, whether, say, of Bohemia or of the population question which faces Japan. The moment the Entente Powers agree among themselves they would ask the enemy Powers to accept the principle, and in turn set up their own Tribunals, failing which it would be the duty of the Chartist Powers to summon to their aid the combined forces of attesting civilisation to compel all who stood out to the needful point of correction.

In that case Japan would at once enter the war on our side the moment her own problems of Empire were settled, and all neutrals would be asked to co-operate in the design

with the object of obtaining not punishment or destructive rulings, but rather constructive decisions on the basis of democratic right and principle. I cannot see myself how any solution to the questions of Empire and force is to be found other than in some accepted charter of International Right; or, indeed, how this war is to be ended in any way calculated to remove the conditions which cause wars, for force will never stamp out force, and the whole meaning of life is change. There is nothing Utopian really in such an idea. Already we have the germs of it in the projected League of Nations, which, so far as the present war is concerned, is not a war instrument. The International Magna Charta would be a war instrument from its initiation. Once founded, it would constitute a world's judgment, which the enemy would be invited to accept and build upon. Failure on his part would automatically bring about the world's application. The war would be fought on the lines of the maximum conception. Without the smallest doubt the world would win to the necessary point of correction next year.

But if we do not do this, or devise some better machinery, I cannot see how we can expect to secure the New Europe for which the soldiers in their millions have died. A European Peace Congress must take the course of all peace congresses—that is to say, it will become a battle of wits and intrigues conducted by the old diplomatists and the old politicians playing the old game of geographical covetousness. It will be a trial of bluff and counter-bluff governed by no principles higher than those of Imperial interest, necessarily selfish, narrow, and capitalistic, in no possible way either democratic or impersonal. And such a Congress would leave Europe with sores—a mere transvaluation of values dictated by superior force, the nursery for future wars of ambition and revenge. I have no hesitation in saying that if this war is to culminate in a mere Peace Conference of elegant diplomatists and smarting politicians, then the war will have been fought in vain from any larger view of humanity or civilisation. And there is also this danger, which is a real danger. If such be the issue in a couple of years' time, then what is called Socialism may indeed reveal itself as the generating force of society, and in its wrath and bitterness rise up

and sweep away the old order. We have already the example of Russia. Her light will not go out. Rather we must expect it to illuminate the darkness of Old Europe dying in the cataclysm of her own insanity. And if we are wise we shall welcome and follow the light.

I submit that the International Magna Charta offers a way out, a way to progress. Only a new purpose can give birth to a new order, only a new attitude can bring to man a new Europe. War, which means force, cannot do this. Diplomacy, which means falsity, cannot do this. Democracy or the peoples cannot do this because they have not the power, and ignorance is still their sovereign. As we all stand to-day we are still thinking in the old war-cry of the map of Europe, which was the cause of the war. The Germans must be beaten, we shout. Agreed, but what then? Will a defeated Germany thirsting for revenge bring peace to Europe or any cessation of armaments on land, on the seas, or in the air? Are we to assume that seventy millions of people will accept the finality of destruction? Still more, do we seriously imagine that the existing Alliance will continue indefinitely to agree that Germany shall be kept in bondage? To imagine this is to ignore the whole lesson of history. Germany is not one whit more hated to-day than was France under the genius of Napoleon. Hate cannot live, because hate is an emotion, and men do not live on emotions. Also there is this. Whatever their crimes, the Germans have put up a great fight. Men worship bravery. That factor alone will be a great disintegrant of hatred when the war is over and the soldiers spread the tale. To count on a permanent police force to hold down the German races is to build on a quicksand; it is not even a journalistic illusion.

Nor is it apparently America's aim. Mr. Wilson has declared that he is making war on the Hohenzollerns, not on the German race. Let us note that. It behoves us all to know that America is to-day the determinant in the war, absolutely the controlling force, for without her aid, financial, material, and moral, the Allied cause would not triumph. That is the truth. America is fully aware of it. To those who cry out that peace cannot be until

Germany is crushed and war is carried into German territory I reply: "That will depend upon America." I do not know that I look forward with martial enthusiasm to being "saved" by America; I am not sure it will be wholly to our advantage as an Empire. Be that as it may, such is the cold fact we have to face. Our physical-force men are dependent for their results upon America. Lord Northcliffe plainly recognises this. In his second article, published in *The Times* the other day, he wrote: "The American war machine is being built in the American way. It may be that it will have its faults, but for all that it is the mighty sledge-hammer that *will pulverise Prussianism*."

Pulverising Prussianism does not seem to tally with Mr. Wilson's war utterances, but, that apart, I do not think Lord Northcliffe would have written those words in March of this year.

A good deal of interest has been aroused in connection with the Magna Charta. Some people think it is a syndicate, others seem to think it is a scheme supported by German gold, others pretend to descry in it a pacifist contrivance. As a fact, it is an article which I trust men and women will read; at any rate, it can do them no harm. I venture to hope that in the long winter months the idea will take wing and grow into something like an attestation of democratic principle both to bring this war to an end, terribly and relentlessly if it must be so, and thus create a nobler and freer Europe. I would add that as an engine of war it is in its application the maximum conception of war, against which no mediæval Kaiser or Pan-German doctrine could hope to fight a single campaign. But it is quintessentially a constructive basis of peace. It offers the means to Europe to secure for herself a new reason of State which alone can abolish the old statecraft and the old criteria which condition the responsibilties of peace and war as vested in the symbol of the flag. At the beginning of this war I wrote that America and England would end it—together as one common civilisation. To-day I think we can do more together. We can lead Old Europe to the spirituality of a New Europe in an International Magna Charta.

An International Magna Charta

By 001 (*Reprinted*)

We are now at the fourth year of the war, yet there are still many people asking what is our objective, what is the end we are fighting for?

We say we are fighting for Justice, Democracy, and Right—in fact, for the good of the world and its future security. What do we mean by the good of the world? How do we propose to obtain this security? Do we know?

General Smuts has indicated his views as to the constructive policy to be pursued. The following quotation from the Foreword of his *War-time Speeches* shows us his line of thought:

> "The military aspects of the war so absorb our attention that we are apt to forget the still more important moral aspects, and to overlook the fact that the suffering of such multitudes is slowly but surely working a great psychological change which will lead to results far beyond any that were contemplated at the beginning of the war. However hard we are striving for victory—and victory to my mind is essential for a well-ordered, lasting peace—we should not aim merely at a military victory, but still more at such a moral victory as will become a steadfast basis for the new order of things. This could be done by making people realise the fundamental ideals which underlie our essential war aims. If we are to achieve the permanent destruction of that Military Imperialism which has drifted from the past like a monstrous iceberg into our modern life, we must create a new temperature, a new atmosphere for democracy, and strengthen the forces of freedom and national government and self-development at the same time that we work for the free co-operation of the nations in future, in pursuing the common ideals of a peaceful civilisation."

This is good thinking, but surely we ought to go a step further, and devise machinery for the application? We have already the Russian formula, which is Socialism based upon Internationalism.

This is hardly the moment to discuss the merits of Socialism. Suffice it to say here that there is legitimate ground to question that philosophy as the panacea for the ills of mankind, and Internationalism is hardly yet within the sphere of practical politics.

The only other solution is Physical Force, but unless the force we employ is the expression of Justice, and is so accepted by the world, then this cannot be the final solution.

How then are we to arrive at a definition of Justice? It will no doubt be accepted that no final definition of Justice can be obtained in present conditions, which leave so stupendous an issue in the hands of a few politicians. Politicians are opportunists. As we know, their function is compromise; and if an all-confiding world leaves the direction of its affairs to politicians, without invoking the aid of the intelligence and culture of the country, a compromise verdict and a compromise peace will be a probable result.

No plans of man, unless they bear a divine quality, will help us to hold for more than a brief spell a different road from that which Nature treads. Our spiritual force, a gift sent from the skies, lies rusting in our hearts; and yet through all the din and tempest, while hatred clouds our sight, a voice is clearly heard, to which we neither gave nor now give heed—a voice warning us to think more for others than of ourselves. This was the message that Christ came to give.

Competition between individuals is recognised as an integral part in the mechanism of human progress, but how far National rivalry, of which the ultimate expression is War, can be avoided, the future will declare. But is not the extent of the present conflagration and the substitution of National for Professional armies a terrible and sinister sign?

Nature in one bound has increased a hundredfold the human forces—her dumb slaves—now being employed in the performance of this her latest evolution. Does some instinct tell us that another great act in the drama of life may now be drawing to its close?

Religion and Patriotism, the sacred torch-bearers, the active agents in all past wars, are they now about to quit the stage? In this world tragedy can they no longer find an appropriate part? We do not know. Religion has not yet appeared in this last scene. Neither the Pope nor the Archbishop of Canterbury has been given one single line to say. In the future will the colour of our skin be the chief cause of war? Is this rivalry among peoples an instrument which Nature will continue to hold securely in her hand? Can she not be induced to relax her grasp? Can, for instance, the political activities of the Japanese beyond their island home be arrested or conducted in altered fashion in accordance with world-accepted rules yet to be defined? Dumb slaves of Nature as we all are, will they answer No?

To-day it is evident that humanity begins to resent this last most flagrant impertinence of Nature, this seeming intrusion upon the more ordered methods of progress; indeed, democracy commences to cry out that this madness has been brought about by the rulers and governors of the peoples, and that it is not the expression of the peoples' will. Democracy gropes for mastery over fate, seeking to assert itself over Nature. Unsettlement and uncertainty are gaining ground which may lead to action, swift and impetuous, insensible to discipline, and with no wise or practical objective. Does not a true instinct of the people tell them that no master mind is at work guiding their affairs? Yesterday a political system had its Mesopotamia. To-morrow the world may have its Mesopotamia. It is true that the Prime Minister has recently reminded us that he is living in a raging storm; but does *he* understand; does he read through the clouds? This is obviously no time to make organic changes in political systems or to reconstruct society. The need is of great leaders: of statesmanship: of mind.

Monsieur Ribot and General Sir William Robertson chose the same day to announce to the world their need and their anxiety.

Monsieur Ribot said:

> "Peace would be infinitely easier to conclude if instead of the Kaiser we had before us the representatives of a democracy founded on the principles of

modern law. That is what must be loudly proclaimed until it is heard even by our enemies. Victory is certain provided we do not falter at the crucial moment."

General Sir William Robertson said:

"There comes a time in every war when a nation has to put forward its greatest efforts, when the strain becomes heavier every day. Then a little further effort will suffice to turn the scale. That time has now come."

It is indeed true that the time has come now, but the time to do what? No difficulty presents itself in diagnosing the war, or in describing the position in which we stand to-day. There is no occasion for doubt. We know that the Prussian military spirit is not being appreciably undermined. Democracy has not yet gained power in Prussia. There are human elements in German mentality which are commencing to rise in rebellion. But the military spirit still dominates and directs the German mind. Against this there is evidence of influences which in their tendency prejudice the Allied spirit. The causes are:—

(I.) A general want of confidence, owing to the felt absence of a master mind and the uncertainty of the objective.

(II.) The immense strain imposed upon French manpower.

(III.) The restlessness of democracy, seeking to assert itself against a state of affairs over which it feels it has no control.

In these circumstances we would now appear to have come to a parting of the ways, where a decision is necessary.

It is clear that we have now to make up our minds either to carry on the war to its remorseless end on physical lines, or to summon to our aid the spirituality of mind, as the interpretation of Justice, which our enemies shall be invited to accept or compelled to submit to.

How shall we forge this weapon? It requires little imagination to see that if the Allies could summon conferences of the Wise Men and Elders of the peoples, that from these conferences birth could be given to an International Magna Charta representing the world's Justice.

Our greatest intellects in the humanities and science

assisted by the Law Lords and the Judges of the High Court would be asked to assemble. Similar Conferences would be convened in Paris, Washington, Tokio, Petrograd, and Rome. They would be linked by cable, and they would collaborate in the preparation of an International Magna Charta which would define the principles of self-government based upon Justice and a right consideration for the welfare of the part in its relation to the whole. And this would constitute our joint and central objective.

This International Magna Charta will be the symbol and signal to the world of the spirit of Justice, which shall overcome the Prussian spirit of Force—the Oriflamme of a new international code to which the civilised peoples of the world shall proclaim their adherence, to which humanity shall subscribe. The problems of self-government present many complex and intricate difficulties. Schleswig-Holstein, Poland, Slavdom, Ireland, Alsace-Lorraine, and Italian Nationalism, each presents its separate problem. If these conferences are not summoned to the assistance of civilisation, in what other manner is it proposed or pretended to solve the problems presented by this conflict of National and of Imperial interests? Does the death or wounding of a single German soldier bear any relation to the solution of any of these problems? Wisdom and Justice should be our servants, unless we are to be the slaves of war. Consider what must happen at the moment when the Allied Governments decide to summon these Conferences, consider how this will bear upon the mind of the enemy. The Imperial German Government will realise—and the realisation will shake the foundations of its confidence—that civilisation is determined to forge a powerful and terrible instrument of war, which in proper season it will employ in the pursuit of peace.

These conferences will reach a conclusion as to Germany's guilt not only in causing the war, but still more in the manner of its prosecution. They will determine the proper punishment for national crime.

In the matter of the punishment of national crime, an obsession fills the minds of non-combatants here which neutralises their intelligence. They can think only of killing and wounding the enemy, of exacting indemnities, and of providing for the future enslavement of peoples.

Contrast their attitude with that of the Royal Flying Corps, placing wreaths upon the graves of German dead who fell in sacrifice to a system which is, perhaps, a manifestation of Nature's cruel and relentless purpose.

Now here we may ask: How do you punish national crime? How many and whom do you kill, wound, or enslave?

Is it certain that sanctuary will not be given to the culprits, and that, after the conclusion of peace, from among these, some will not appear as visitors or as members of the staff of our great London hotels? Or do we seriously contemplate his Imperial Highness the German Emperor, the members of his family, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, and the officers and non-commissioned officers of the Prussian Army spending the rest of their days upon earth replanting the orchards of Picardy?

Again, the discussion of indemnities proceeds now in a manner which is meaningless. The object of Law is correction, not punishment for the sake of punishment. At present it is not the fashion to confine the question of the indemnity to be exacted from our enemies to the cost of repairing Belgium and Northern France? Expressed in terms of money, what does this mean? Probably something in the neighbourhood of two hundred millions sterling —the amount the Allies now spend in ten days of war. Is this worth even mentioning in any political speech?

In these Conferences the Imperial German Government will not see the working of the Pacifists' mind. On the contrary, they will see in them a judgment. They will know that the spirit of Justice, which at times is compelled to assume remorseless shape, will pronounce sentence.

Let us also abandon the childish chatter about the Hohenzollerns. Does anyone seriously imagine that this eruption is merely dynastic? It is this spirit of Force we must correct. This is the menace to civilisation.

When German boys shot arrows into the prisoners' camps simply to cause wanton pain, the Hun blood, so glorified by the Emperor, was at work. If a boy of any Allied country so acted, another boy would soon know how to deal with him. It is that other German boy that we are all now looking for. Here is no matter of Democracy or Autocracy, of Socialism or Capitalism, of Emperor or slave.

We must find that other German boy. Were he a son of the Imperial German House, we would make peace with him.

All considerations of punishment and indemnity should be left to the Conferences; they are beyond the philosophy or competence of politicians.

These Conferences will give every attention to Germany's defence? What is that defence? There can be only one line that the defence can take. Germany will say that a virile people has been deprived of its legitimate rights of expansion. They will say that they have been deprived of what has been termed "a place in the sun." The leading questions in cross-examination will be:

Has the civilised world imposed unfair restrictions upon Germany?

Does the duty devolve upon all or any of the Allies to give up a part of their territory where German colonies can be established, where white men can live and work?

Has Britain (the arch enemy, one of the principal plaintiffs) any voice in such a matter so far as it relates to the British Colonies? Are not the British Colonies self-governing?

How has the Allied world treated Germany during the last fifty years?

Is there any corner of the Allied territories where the German has not received a royal welcome?

Has England been selfish in her fiscal policy?

Are the ten million Germans now living in the United States witnesses to a policy of exclusion?

Has the German asserted any policy except one of force in dealing with native races? Is, or was, German South-West Africa an example of a colonial system?

In estimating this, the Conferences will have to take into account the proclamation, for example, of General v. Trotha, issued October 2nd, 1904, which said:

> "The Hereros must now quit the soil. If they refuse, I shall force them with the gun. Every Herero with or without a gun, with or without cattle, found in German territory I will have shot. I shall not look after the women and children, but will drive them back to their own people or shoot them."

In short, these are some of the matters upon which the Conferences will deliberate.

It need hardly be said that the co-operation and assistance of the neutral countries would be of the greatest service, and would be cordially invited.

Millennium is not outside the gates. But suspicion, hatred, and selfishness must now give place to Reason. Otherwise, will not Justice herself perish? It is indeed hard to love one's enemies, but we can even now pity the million German dead and mourn with those now suffering the loss of those they greatly loved. If Justice is to be our aim, then Pity and Hope must be our guiding stars.

Refusal or delay in convening these Conferences can only signify the bankruptcy of civilisation. Ought not the Allies now to come to an immediate decision? If their Governments remain blind and dumb, then they must not be surprised if their peoples in one tumultuous chorus proclaim and reassert the sovereignty of Reason. It is a question how long the men and women of Italy, of Russia, of Britain, and of bleeding France, so foully outraged by these poor Huns, will continue to remain in passive submission.

If Japan and America, acting in concert against a common foe, cannot resolve even their own mutual problems, if they cannot find accommodation for their differences—differences which lie exposed and naked to the world, and which no diplomacy can pretend to conceal—if these things cannot be done, then let deception be carried no further. Let us tell Berlin that the cruelty of their methods will not appear in history to be so much worse than the hypocrisy which will then be seen to underlie the Allies' attitude.

The World is Awaiting an International Magna Charta.

When these Conferences shall have come to a decision and have drawn up this new international statement, the Germans can be asked to subscribe to it. In the event of their refusal, it will be the duty of the Allies to make war on the lines of the maximum conception. Then the Japanese Flying Squadrons will leave at once for "somewhere in the air," and the Japanese Armies will begin their long journeys across Russia and America, not only under the banner of the Rising Sun, but under the Flag of the Sun that has risen.

At this moment there is much searching of the heart in Germany, and at no time has there been greater need for obtaining a clear focus upon the state of affairs in that country. There are three main points for consideration:

(I.) The crops are ripening.

(II.) The existence of profound uncertainty in the minds of the Germans not only as to the objective (this is also our difficulty), but also as to the probable results of war—an uncertainty which the German General Staff knows how to put to good use.

(III.) America at war.

We shall do well to concentrate our minds on America. To the German also this is the all-decisive factor.

And it is of supreme importance that President Wilson represents in himself not only the political power of the United States, but also, in a quite exceptional sense, their wisdom and culture. The American Army contains German blood, blood that has been purified in the freedom and democracy of the New World. We have to consider, therefore, what is exactly happening now. We see the German military spirit with its wooden idol to Hindenburg. We see it invoking now the aid of the submarine, now of the aeroplane, always the slave of cruelty and force. Here we have the blood issue of the war. And here we have to ask whether the Germans can be made to realise that the true God is a jealous God. He said:

> "Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven image, nor the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them nor worship them. . . ."

It is in this spirit that the International Magna Charta will be conceived. If this charter drives conviction into the soul of every German that he is fighting against justice, against civilisation; against God; that he is on the side of outlawry and the Devil; if this can happen at the moment when the German blood in Americans is ready to kill and wound its own kith and kin unless they are prepared to cast out their monstrous philosophy of force, then we may

Further Important Letters on the International Magna Charta

Letter from Mr. Tokiwo Yokoi, one time member of the Japanese Lower House, a well-known figure in United States political circles.

September 26th, 1917.

The Editor of The English Review.

Dear Sir,

"INTERNATIONAL MAGNA CHARTA."

I was very much interested in the remarkable article which lately appeared in your Review. Indeed, no one can fail to sympathise with the ideal of lasting world's peace, guaranteed by an International Magna Charta. The ideal corresponds remarkably well with the Japanese idea of chivalry, that brute force should always be wielded at the command of justice and tempered with mercy. "To summon," therefore, "to our aid the spirituality of mind, as the interpretation of Justice, which our enemies shall be invited to accept or compelled to submit to," would appeal strongly to my countrymen. It would, of course, be needless for me to say that the success of the scheme will depend altogether upon the method and the time necessary for carrying it out. However, it is not for me to discuss details, whether of method or of application, but surely a world in agony must hope that some such principle will be realized.

Yours truly,

(*Signed*) TOKIWO YOKOI.

Letter from Major W. T. F. Davies, D.S.O., R.A.M.C., M.L.A. South Africa.

C/o Standard Bank of S. Africa,

Clement's Lane, E.C.

23rd September, 1917.

The Editor of The English Review.

Sir,—

I feel very strongly, with the writer, that the time is ripe for a very definite and unanimous declaration by the Allies of their war aims. It may be said that this has already been made by Mr. Lloyd George and by the Presidents of France and America. To some extent that is so, and it has been done in very beautiful language, which has expressed our own moral ideals and spiritual aims, with certain practical but rather indefinite statements added about the restoration of Belgium and Serbia and compensation. This may and does appeal to many, but it leaves the majority unsatisfied. The ordinary man wants to know, and has the right to ask, "What are the definite objects which *all* (not one or two) of the Allies are prepared to fight for to a finish, and which we must work for?" Once he knows that, he knows what he is in for, and the knowledge will help him to go "All in," which every man and woman must do if the war is to be won as we want to win it. I cannot but believe that these aims and objects have already been decided on by the Allies in conference, but that is not enough. The people should know too. Moreover, a solemn declaration over the signatures of the Allies would show Germany what she was up against, and that, the Allies being unanimous, there was no hope of a separate peace with any one of them. I would go further and state what are *not* our aims, for some have been imputed to us by the German leaders (for their own purposes), which the German people ought to know we have not got.

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. T. F. DAVIES,

M.L.A.,

South Africa.

yet be witnesses of a new world phenomenon, another miracle of God—the enthronement and attestation of Right.

Note.—The following letter regarding the International Magna Charta was written by Mr. John MacNeill, one of the leaders in Sinn Fein in Ireland.—Ed.

"There is promise of immense benefit for civilisation in your proposals for an International Magna Charta, and I can see much hope for such a Charter which, like the law of a well-ordered community, would naturally derive its validity and efficacy in part from the justice and equity of its provisions and, in part, from the consent and trust of the constituent nations.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) Eoin MacNeill.

"Dublin."

The Pity of Ireland

By the Editor

At a meeting of the Dublin Corporation (September 17th) the Lord Mayor made a speech, a report of which is here published, taken from the *Dublin Evening Mail.*

The Lord Mayor said:

"When you honoured me with your confidence by electing me Lord Mayor, I stated that so far as possible from this chair I would not mention anything pertaining to politics, and I am not going to do so now. I fully realise the danger it is for any individual to find fault with the military authorities in this country at present, but when English newspapers point out that the action of the military authorities is nothing less than provocation, and will lead to rioting and the creation of an atmosphere of anger and recrimination, I think the time has come when public representatives should speak out their minds as to what they

think of the situation also. From my own knowledge of Irishmen and Irish affairs, I consider the action of the military authorities at present, instead of allowing a friendly feeling to exist and the seeds of brotherhood between all parties in this country is to be sown, will, in the first place, endanger the success of the Convention, and, in the second place, will create an atmosphere of hatred throughout the country. I don't suggest for a moment that men, no matter to what party they belong, should be allowed to defy the law by using inflammatory speeches or by violent action, but I do think that the present policy of the military authorities is one which is not for the best interests of the general peace of the country. As to the Convention, some people may object to its constitution, and perhaps justly so, but I am breaking no confidence when I tell you that seldom have a body of Irishmen come together who seemed imbued with the spirit to do what they believe the right thing for their country more than the representative men who constitute the Convention. And I think it is a great pity, when we have peace and goodwill in the Convention, that any obstacle should be placed in its way outside either by the authorities or the people who retard its success. I am strongly of opinion that the time is fast approaching when the past will be forgotten and the usual practice of political and religious catch-cries will be ignored, and that the days of bigotry, hypocrisy, and cant will be things of the past, and that the best that is in this country will be brought together and allowed to legislate for the country's good. That is if the Convention gets fair play."

Alderman Byrne suggested that the Council should pass a resolution asking for the removal of Major Price, who, he said, was responsible for all the turmoil in the country.

The Lord Mayor said he thought that for the moment they might let his statement go, and pass no resolution whatever.

This course was agreed to, and the matter was not further discussed.

I think it is important that we in England should know what the Lord Mayor thinks about present conditions in Ireland, because so little news percolates through to this country, and the situation there, owing to the stigma of the rebellion, is generally misunderstood. Now the Lord

Mayor is an eminently peaceful man, loyal, and held in high esteem, and if he feels himself constrained to utter a note of such warning at a time when the Convention is in full swing, we may be sure his reasons are valid as that his motives are beyond cavil. I have just returned from a second visit to Ireland. I am more than ever convinced that the ground is ready, as perhaps never before, for genuine reconciliation and reconstruction.

The difficulty is the time-table. As things are, the situation is full of unpleasant possibilities, and that because Sinn Fein is treated as a rebel organisation, though, as a fact, it probably represents seventy-five per cent of non-Ulster Ireland. The result is friction, suspicion, and espionage.

Now all the time arrests are being made and heavy sentences are passed under military law, while arms are seized belonging to Sinn Fein and Nationalist groups, though no arms are seized from those who are known to possess them in Ulster. And all the time the petty spying system prevails, so that wherever a man goes in Dublin he is told that a Major Price rules the country, and this one hears with equal emphasis from Nationalists and Unionists.

Major Price is probably doing what he conceives to be his duty, but the unfortunate truth remains that his activities are directly militating against the chances of settlement, and every day more gravely weakening the position of Nationalists, who are quite ready to have all arms seized, but do not understand a one-sided seizure of arms while those in Ulster are left with their owners.

We are apt here to regard Sinn Fein as utter treason. Yet Sinn Fein as a political force only arose as the result of the shooting of the leaders of the Easter Week rising, which was not really a Sinn Fein rising, and at the most was conducted by about 1,000 men. Sinn Fein only became a national movement as the result of the shootings. I am convinced that the great majority of Sinn Feiners are sincerely anxious for peace and settlement.

Now the Convention is sitting for good or for evil. Why in the name of common sense then do we allow Major Price to promote irritation by a police policy which is not consequent and not equitably applied? Every arrest simply makes Sinn Fein stronger. Parades of machine-gun cars with policemen stationed as sharpshooters in trees, as

recently at Michelstown, merely add to the exasperation. What can be the object of this policy?

There is no fear of another rebellion except in the excited mind of police officials. Nor must we forget that in the event of the Convention failing to arrive at an acceptable solution, the situation in Ireland will be undoubtedly serious. Is it not time we made a real effort to rid English politics of the Irish incubus? I say deliberately that if Major Price is permitted to continue with the present methods, the hope of settlement will be slight indeed.

Our right policy is perfectly easy. It is to command a truce, to ask the responsible leaders of Sinn Fein to give guarantees of constitutional conduct pending the finding of the Convention, and request the Irish police to copy the exemplary methods of the London police. Secondly, it should be our business to take up the serious economic conditions in the big cities. The Dublin slums are a disgrace to our civilisation.* It is there that the canker of our administration lies. Thousands of children in Dublin need milk and food. Do we realise that? Do we not know that the stomach is the nursery of discontent? I fail to understand an administration which ignores that plague-spot and thinks that machine-guns will placate the parents of semi-starving children.

Yesterday the Government again rejected the demand for a slip line (of eleven miles) for Ireland's only coalfield. In heaven's name, why? Economics are politics. Bad economics breed Sinn Fein. Is there no man in our heterogeneous Government who will take the trouble to go to Dublin and see for himself the slums and the squalor and so decide for himself the causal connection between starvation and bitterness? In close proximity to Guinness's great brewery these places of abomination can be seen. One day of war expenditure, and happiness untold might come into Ireland. It is worth our consideration. More—it is our Imperial responsibility.

* The population of Dublin is 300,000. Over a third of the people live in unsanitary tenement rooms.

Books

FICTION

THE MAINLAND. By E. L. GRANT WATSON. Duckworth and Co. 6*s*. net.

Mr. Grant Watson's new story has both style and (to employ a misused word) atmosphere. It is a tale of the tropics. The central figure is John Sherwin, a boy who till his seventeenth year had lived practically the life of naked and untutored savagery in an island of the Indian Ocean. The matter of the tale is his subsequently mingling with men and (comparative) cities, and their influence upon his very receptive and unspoilt nature. John goes through much—adventures of the body in his pearling and gold-mining activities, of the soul in his intercourse with certain types of womanhood. Mr. Watson has told his story with a refreshingly simple austerity that somehow matches its subject. In several ways *The Mainland* is a novel that deserves longer life than the usual butterfly span of contemporary fiction.

METAPHYSICS

A DEFENCE OF IDEALISM: SOME QUESTIONS AND CONCLUSIONS. By MAY SINCLAIR. Macmillan. 12*s*. net.

Miss Sinclair has written a very readable and interesting book, more readable by far than many more professional treatises. The amateur in philosophy has a distinct function, not as the inventor of new systems or new arguments, but as the interpreter of systems to a public which is not likely to read the technical works of professionals, and also as showing to professionals how their work appears to those whose human interests are not destroyed by familiarity with the controversies of the Schools. This function Miss Sinclair's book admirably performs.

Her own attitude to philosophy is, broadly speaking, Hegelian, though she protests against an undue emphasis upon Hegel's logic at the expense of the rest of his system.

With some originality she begins her book by an account of Samuel Butler's views on heredity, which, as she amusingly shows, reduced to a form of ancestor worship, the very last form of religion that would have been voluntarily adopted by the author of *The Way of All Flesh*. She advances through Bergson, Mr. MacDougall, and the Pragmatists to the New Realism, and thence by a somewhat sudden transition to the New Mysticism, chiefly exemplified by Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

I do not think that Miss Sinclair always wholly understands the position of those whom she criticises—as, indeed, who does? In speaking of William James's distinction between the Tender-minded and the Tough-minded, she says: "Observe how Pragmatism appropriates all the robust and heroic virtues, and will not leave its opponent one of them. Think of the sheer terrorism of the performance. Could you wonder if, covered with that six-shooter, Professor James's audience plumped for Pragmatism before it had heard a single argument? Each member of it must have registered an inward vow: 'Tough-minded? *I'll* be *that!*'" As a matter of fact, William James was attempting a reconciliation of the Tender-minded and the Tough-minded. He did not regard his own philosophy as belonging wholly to either variety. Certainly the image of a six-shooter is very far removed from the large sympathy which characterised him, no less when he was poking kindly fun than when he was praising. He enumerates six characteristics of the Tender-minded: Rationalistic, intellectualistic, idealistic, optimistic, religious, free-willist. The last three of these adjectives apply to his own system; it is only the first three that he rejects.

Miss Sinclair is concerned throughout to defend the claims of unity against the pluralistic assaults of Pragmatists and Realists; the latter in particular occupy many pages of her book. "Certain vulnerable forms of Idealism," she says, "are things of the past, and the new Atomistic Realism is a thing of the future, at any rate of the immediate future. But we know of Old Realisms that died and decayed, and were buried, and of New Idealisms that died and rose again." She is no doubt right in assuming that Monism and Idealism are perennial in philosophy; ever since serious philosophy began there have been a

certain number of Schools adapted to different types of mind. It is not likely that any of these Schools will quite die out so long as interest in philosophy survives.

It is curious how different a controversy looks from different sides. To the New Realists it appears that they are fighting an uphill battle against tremendous odds. To Miss Sinclair, on the contrary, their battalions appear so formidable that it requires great courage to stand firm against their advance. "I feel," she says, "that any reputation I may have is already so imperilled by my devout adhesion to the Absolute, that I simply cannot afford to be suspected of tenderness or even toleration for the professors of the occult." She expresses astonishment that the New Realists should regard Idealism as now a fashionable philosophy. Yet, by any statistical test, it is so. The majority of professors of philosophy in Great Britain are certainly Idealists, and probably the majority of philosophical teachers of all grades. Any young man intending to make his living by teaching philosophy, if he believed with the Pragmatists that "the truth is what pays," would certainly adopt Idealism as his creed. If the Idealists have not made so much noise as Pragmatists or Realists, it is only because they have felt themselves in a secure position.

Miss Sinclair believes that the ultimate reality is Spirit. "To the unity and the reality we are looking, for we can give no name but Spirit. This leaves a wide margin for the Unknown." It certainly does, since no one quite knows what is meant by Spirit. If Miss Sinclair knows, she keeps the knowledge to herself. She says: "Raise either psychic energy or physical energy to their highest pitch of intensity, and you get Spirit." I confess I cannot understand what this means. Does it mean that if an express train were to go really fast it would acquire a soul?—for that certainly is what it *seems* to say.

A quarter of the whole book is occupied with an account and criticism of the New Realism. It is, of course, impossible to achieve a complete absence of bias in regard to a system which one has oneself advocated, but it does not seem to me that the criticisms advanced in this book are very formidable. Miss Sinclair herself confesses, with admirable candour, that mathematical logic is for her a difficult and unfamiliar country. She is unacquainted with

it on its technical side, and is therefore sometimes mistaken as to what it asserts. In some respects she concedes more than it would claim. For example, she states that the New Realism has succeeded in refuting Subjective Idealism, which I for my part do not profess to be able to do. It is of the essence of the new philosophy that it regards many questions as insoluble, and considers that many philosophical controversies have arisen sole because philosophers would not realise that no sufficient evidence for a positive opinion existed.

Miss Sinclair professes to discover a number of specific contradictions in the Atomistic Logic upon which the New Realism is based. I do not think that these will appear very convincing to anyone acquainted with modern mathematical logic, but it is impossible in the space of a review to indicate either their nature or a reply to them.

There is a tendency throughout the book to hold that one may believe a philosophy if it is pleasant and cannot be shown to be false. Even if all Miss Sinclair's arguments were valid, she would hardly have done more than refute certain objections to Idealism, without advancing any positive arguments to prove that it must be accepted. It is a very difficult thing to prove that a philosophy is false, though it is generally not a difficult thing to prove that the arguments by which it is supported are invalid, as well as the arguments by which it is attacked. When we have proved that there is no conclusive argument against it, we have done nothing to show that it is true so long as there are many other views which are equally irrefutable. But such criticisms are equally applicable to almost all philosophical writing. Miss Sinclair deserves praise for having placed the argument for Idealism upon a new footing, and for having freed it from much that is irrelevant and indefensible, and she is so free from philosophical arrogance that perhaps this is as much as she would claim to have achieved.

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